

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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The fight was going on furiously up on deck when the four came up through the deck trap and ascended a hooked rope with which Jack caught the steamer's taffrail

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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Price 6 Cents.

Jack Wright and His Electric Turtle

OR

CHASING THE PIRATES OF THE SPANISH MAIN

By "NONAME"

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WITH A DARK FACE.

It was toward the close of a warm day in June, 18—, in the handsome village of Wrightstown, situated at the head of a small bay on the Atlantic seaboard, when our story begins.

The place had rapidly developed from a small fisher-village into an imposing place, with handsome houses, broad avenues, and a large and increasing population of all kinds of people.

An impetus had thus been given to the place by a boy named Jack Wright, who, although now but eighteen years old, had invented a marvelous submarine boat, went to the coast of Africa, recovered a vast sunken treasure, and, returning wealthy, had, with two companions, started factories that employed many people.

Jack Wright was a fine-looking fellow, with an athletic figure, fiery black eyes, dark, kinky hair and sharp, keen features, while by nature he was filled with pluck, ambition and wonderful inventive power.

Having built an elegant house on the site of his old home, and erected a magnificent workshop of brick, he employed an army of people to make the wonderful inventions evolved from his fertile brain.

On the evening when our tale begins, the boy, attired in a suit of blue-jeans as oily and begrimed as his hands and face, hastily left his workshop, and with an old cap pulled down over his eyes, he started for a call upon an intimate friend named Fritz Schneider, who had accompanied him on his last cruise.

His Dutch friend had a neighboring electric lighting plant, for Fritz was an electrician by trade, and his works illuminated all of Wrightstown.

The boy inventor had just completed one of the most marvelous inventions of the age, in the matter of naval warfare, and was going to tell Fritz and another old friend named Timothy Topstay all about his new contrivance, and ask them to come and see it, when he was accosted in the street by a man who was an entire stranger.

He was a tall, finely formed man, with a dark, swarthy face, a curling, black mustache upon his upper lip, a fierce expression in his snaky, black eyes, and his person faultlessly attired in elegant clothing.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, in deep, polite tones as he laid a detaining hand upon Jack's arm, "but I have just arrived here from New York in the train and am looking for one Jack Wright, an inventor. If you will direct me to his house I will be greatly obliged to you."

The boy surveyed the stranger from head to foot, and involuntarily shuddered, for despite his affable tone, gentlemanly appearance and quiet demeanor, there was something repulsive to the boy about him.

He spoke without the least foreign accent, yet it was evident at a glance that he was neither an American nor English.

For some unaccountable reason Jack distrusted him, and he asked:

"What do you want to see Jack Wright for, I ask?"

The stranger looked surprised at this question, for the space of a moment, but his dark face soon cleared and he replied:

"I have no objection to explain, although my business with him is of a somewhat personal nature. He is, as you may be aware, the greatest inventor of the nineteenth century, for he has successfully mastered the secret of submarine navigation. The fame given to him by the newspapers made all Europe, from whence I recently came, ring with his praise. Having thus heard of him, I have been deputed by a foreign government to wait upon him and negotiate for the purchase of one of his vessels to be used as a torpedo boat."

"Oh, I see," said Jack, with a nod. "I am glad you have told me, for, as I work in his shop, I am in a position to inform you that you cannot do any business with him for some days yet."

"And why not, sir?" queried the man in surprise.

"Because he has just completed a new boat, and his time is so much occupied with it that he has none to spare at present."

"A new boat, indeed! Then it may be an improvement over the one he already has had in use. So much the better for me."

"All the inhabitants of Wrightstown have been notified that there will be a public exhibition to-morrow afternoon of the boat's ability on the bay," said Jack, "and as you are so much interested in the matter, I would advise you to be present to witness it."

"You can depend upon it that I shall be there," replied the man, with a sinister smile; "for the vessel put at my disposal by the government I represent is already sailing from New York for this bay, and will, very likely, arrive here some time to-morrow morning, when I shall board her and from the deck see the whole exhibition to the best advantage."

"Then you intend to remain in Wrightstown over night, sir?"

"I shall put up at an old tavern by the waterside among the fishermen's huts, called the Sea Spider House. The depot agent recommended it to me."

"Ah, yes—it is the only tavern in town, and a good one at that; the owner named it after the first submarine boat Jack Wright built," said the boy.

The stranger handed his card to the boy.

"If you will kindly hand that to Jack Wright," said he, "the young man will know who I am, if I meet him again."

"Certainly," replied Jack, glancing at the pasteboard.

"I thank you very much, and wish you good-night now," said the man.

Jack bowed, and the dark stranger walked hastily away in the direction of the hostelry he named, and the boy shivered again.

"What a horrible impression that man leaves on my mind!" he muttered, "and what a queer name he has got, to be sure!"

Upon the pasteboard was printed, in fine, delicate script:

GULAB AKKA.

It was evidently a Moorish name, and the man had very much the appearance of a native of northern Africa, for Jack had been in that country, had seen the inhabitants, and therefore was capable of judging.

He walked away as soon as Gulab Akka disappeared, and entering the grounds of the electric lighting plant, he suddenly came upon an odd scene.

A man about forty-one years of age, with a glass eye, a wooden leg and a gray beard, his body attired in the costume of a man-o'-warsman, was hopping across the yard as fast as he could go, followed by a shower of tomato cans, old boots, decayed vegetables and other missiles that flew over the fence. The next moment he vanished behind a woodshed.

He was old Tim Topstay, a veteran liar of the U. S. frigate "Wabash," who had accompanied Jack on his last cruise, and a roar of laughter pealed from his lips, and he yelled from his covert:

"Shiver me now, but that bucket o' water I poured down yer back wuz a cooler! Haul away on yer main brace, goldurn yer figgerhead, for yer on ther wrong tack when yer fouls me wi' yer ornary practical jokes."

"Och, donner vetter!" roared an irate voice from the other side of the fence, followed by a thunder of kicks, as if some one was trying to climb over. "Vait till I got me mine hands by your face vonct. I'll plo' your nose for you alretty! Shiminey Christmas, vy don't yer wait till I got over?"

Boom—crash! came a sound as if the climber had fallen back on the ground again, then there came a groan, a scramble, and another volley of missiles flew over and rained down on Jack.

"Hey!" yelled the boy inventor, dodging into a doorway to escape the furious bombardment. "Stop that! Fritz, you villain, you are peppering me! Hang those two fellows, they are all the time playing jokes on each other."

The bombardment ceased at once, and just then the old sailor emerged from behind the woodshed and roared, as he stumped toward the boy:

"Belay thar, Fritz, yer broadsides is peltin' Jack Wright!"

"Oh! Oxcuse me vonct," came the reply. "Dim, dat vhas your vault alretty."

And the next moment up over the fence came a little, short, fat Dutchman, with light, flaxen hair, a round, fat face and a big, fat belly.

He wore a cap, and a suit of clothes evidently imported from his own country, and was profuse with his apologies as he joined Jack, but all the while he glared at the old sailor as if he wanted to fight him on the spot.

"Stop this row, now!" exclaimed Jack sharply. "I didn't come over here to witness your pranks or second a prize-fight, but I've come to tell you my electric turtle is finished, and invite you both to go with me to-morrow on an exhibition trip on the bay. Will you join me?"

"Ay, ay!" replied Tim, with a grin of delight.

"Shure ve vill!" replied Fritz at the same time.

"You both helped me to build her," said Jack, "and now that she is finished up it is fair you should have some of the benefit. But, oh, she's a marvel, boys; and if I don't make good use of her before long it will be mighty queer. You both know how she is constructed."

"Vell, I should laugh!" remarked Fritz enthusiastically.

"An' wot time d'yer start to-morrow?" queried Tim, taking a chew of plug.

"Three o'clock promptly. Everything is in readiness now, Tim."

"Ve vhas be dere, sure," said Fritz; "und if you go by der Sout' Bole mit her, ve go mit you, Bhack—hey, Dim, you bandy-legged oldt roosder!"

"Bless yer soul," replied the old mariner, with a deep sigh, "thar ain't nuthin' in this hull blessed world I'd like better'n ter make a sea v'yage ag'in either under or over water. 'Tain't no use a-talkin'—when once a man's a sailor he's allers a sailor at heart, somehow."

"Well," said Jack seriously, "if you are both so anxious to go on a cruise, I may soon give you a chance to go with me in the turtle."

"Vhy—you vhas get someding planned?" eagerly asked Fritz.

"I've got a chance to test the utility of my new boat," quietly answered Jack.

"Dash my toplights, now that's a good plan!" exclaimed Tim gleefully. "Wot ha' ye been a-doin', lad? Let's hear it. Gosh, I'm powerful curious."

"You must know, then," replied Jack, "what awful depredations the pirates of the Spanish main have been making on the American as well as the foreign shipping interests, don't you?"

"Ay, ay! Ther Mediterranean Sea's jost swarmin' wi' Moors, an' Turks, an' Algerine pirates, as I know ter my sorrer," replied Tim, "fer when I wuz afore ther mast o' ther brig Susan Ann wot plied atween New York and Alexandria, we had many a brush wi' ther freebooters. Why, I remember well how one o' them fellers chased us one day, an' we didn't have so much as a pistol aboard o' our craft, yet we licked them bad."

"You did? How did dot habben?" breathlessly asked Fritz.

"Well, yer see, we had a cargo of ile aboard, an' I opened a bung-hole an' squirted it out on ther sea an' sot fire to it. Them 'ere pirates sailed right into ther fire afore they could luff up, an' set fire to their ship, when we esca—"

"Oh, what a whoopper!" interposed Jack.

"Wot!" indignantly growled Tim. "Don't yer believe me?"

"No," replied Jack. "It's one of your yarns."

"Neither do I!" chuckled Tim. And Fritz, with a look of disgust and disappointment, gave him a kick that fairly lifted him, and growled:

"Shessnuds! I oughder knowed it vonct!"

"Hold on, boys!" exclaimed Jack. "Let me finish my story. Having learned a great deal about the rascality of these pirates within the past year, and being anxious to prove the usefulness of my new submarine boat, I wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, offering to exterminate these pirates, if he empowered me to do so, and he replied by applying to Congress for my appointment as a naval officer, and I was furnished with a Letter of Marque, giving me the privilege I asked for."

"Hooray!" yelled Tim, delightedly, as he waved his cap and danced upon his good leg. "By gol, you're a privateer, then!"

"The Letter of Marque makes me one," the boy answered, with a smile.

"Und you vhas goin'?" asked Fritz.

"Of course I am!" emphatically replied Jack.

"But not without me and Fritz, mind!" interposed Tim vehemently.

"Do you both want to go?"

"Yah! yah!" eagerly replied the Dutch boy.

"That settles it, then," said Jack. "Within a few weeks we must start. As soon as the exhibition of my boat's ability is shown to-morrow, I will see any defects there may be in her and be able to remedy them. Then we will begin our preparations as soon as possible for a voyage across the Atlantic, to hunt down the pirates. Do you know, boys, I have had an offer to sell one of my boats to a foreign government?"

Tim and Fritz were surprised.

"Let's have ther news, lad," said the ancient mariner.

Jack detailed his interview with Gulab Akka, and told how unfavorably the dark man impressed him, when he was interrupted by a furious uproar.

It came from within the woodshed behind which Tim had hidden.

"Murder! murder!" yelled a shrill voice. "I'm killed! I'm killed!"

A fearful howl and a burst of horrible laughter in a shriller voice answered it.

The next moment out of the door shot a little red monkey of the howling species, struggling with a big, green parrot, in a furious fight.

The monkey was Whiskers, Tim's pet, and the parrot was Bismarck, belonging to Fritz, and since the time our friends captured them in Africa they hated each other with undying animosity, and never lost a chance for a fight.

The parrot chewed the monkey's tail, and the monkey made the parrot's feathers fly, and Tim and Fritz rushed over to separate the combatants and save their lives, when Jack took his departure, with a laugh on his face.

He was satisfied that his friends would go with him on his

strange, underwater trip, and assured that his boat and its appurtenances of his own invention would work properly.

Jack became plunged deep in thought, and strolled away toward the water to think over his plans, when he came to the Sea Spider House, an ancient inn, most frequented by the wrightstown fishermen.

The place was filled with a motley throng, all of whom were excitedly discussing the exhibition the boy intended to give next day of his wonderful new boat, and all kinds of opinions were expressed.

It pleased the boy to hear them talking, and wishing to gather a general idea of their impressions without being seen, he found a secluded seat on a box near one of the open windows of the tap-room and sat down to quietly listen to what was going on.

He had not been there many moments when two men came in, and, without seeing Jack, they sat near the same window, in the room, beside which he was seated, and began to speak in French.

Although they spoke in low tones, their voices reached Jack's ears, and peering in he saw that one of them was Gulab Akka.

The other one was a large, heavily built man, in the dark-blue uniform and cap of a French sea captain, and had a sandy beard and hair of the same color, and heavy, disagreeable features.

"The Dragon Fly has just arrived within the bay, you say?" asked Gulab Akka.

"Fifteen minutes ago we dropped anchor, sir," replied the captain, in a heavy bass voice.

"I did not expect the ship until to-morrow, Leo Reynard."

"Ah, but I was forced to slip away after dark, as the port inspectors suspected my ship, and I got wind of a raid they were going to make on it at our dock."

"You were wise to go, Reynard. Had our prisoner been discovered—ugh! I tremble at the result."

"He will not molest us any longer. I ordered the mate to bind him hand and foot and tie him at low tide to the rocks cropping up out of the bay. When the tide rises he will drown."

A chill of horror shot through Jack, for he understood what the captain said.

"Monstér!" he muttered. "What villainy is this they are practicing? The tide is more than halfway up now. Unless that unfortunate man is saved at once he will perish; for within an hour the water of the Devil's Jaw Rocks will cover them and drown him."

"But remember," said Akka reprovingly, "that is murder, and the man is American."

"I don't care," replied the captain, with a reckless laugh. "Have you seen Jack Wright?"

"No; it is impossible yet to do so. To-morrow we will view his exhibition from the deck of the Dragon Fly, and then to arm several of our most trusty men and—"

A laugh finished the sentence, in which the captain joined.

"Here come several of the boys now. Let's join them," said Reynard.

"They are faithful sailors and good warriors when there's a big stake to be gained, and I don't mind joining them in a drink," said Gulab Akka.

The two men left the window and Jack bounded to his feet.

"So much for understanding French," he muttered. "The miscreants! I dare not distrust Akka in vain. What plot are they scheming? I will be upon my guard. And now to go and try to save their prisoner's life, if I can. Will I be in time?"

He rushed away toward the water, filled with anxious alarm.

CHAPTER II.

EXPOSING A DEEP PLOT.

Down to the old pier hastened Jack, in a state of intense suspense and casting his glance out over the water, down upon which the full moon was streaming, he saw a large ship anchored on the lee shore.

It was a majestic craft of European build, and its crew were yet in the rigging, furling sails, while a short distance off there cropped out of the water the tops of some jet black rocks.

No doubt it was to one of these that the unfortunate man was bound, and the tide was then much higher than Jack

expected, for scarcely more than two feet of the rocks were to be seen.

The young inventor's heart sank heavily, for it seemed to him that the man whom he was bent on saving must, by this time, be under water.

Jack Wright was of a hopeful nature, however, and despite the oppressive feeling of despair that was trying to overpower him, he resolutely shook off the emotion and ran out on the pier.

There were a number of boats moored to the spiles, some of them yet containing the oars, and the boy sprang into one, unfastened the painter, and rowed for the rocks with might and main.

He was an expert with oars, and fairly sent the light skiff flying through the brine toward the spot, yet so impatient and anxious was he that the boat seemed to be at a standstill.

Several times he cast his eager glances ahead over his shoulder in an effort to discern some sign of the prisoner, but nothing met his view save the ship in the background at the weather bulwarks, of which he easily distinguished a number of dark-faced men curiously peering off at him.

Jack paid no attention to them, however, but keeping straight on for the rocks, he finally reached them and dropped his oars.

Quick and eager were the glances he now cast around, and a cry of joy pealed from his lips as his gaze rested upon the object of his search.

It was a human head just protruding from the foam that formed by the waves dashing against the rocks, and the water was up to the chin of the unfortunate, who, being gagged, could not utter a cry of distress for aid.

He saw Jack, and a wild, pleading expression came over his face, but he could not move, for his bonds were below the water.

Jack took in the situation at a glance and cut the gag from the prisoner's mouth.

"Thank God!" gasped the unfortunate prisoner joyfully. "I'm saved!"

"Wait," said Jack, pointing toward the ship; "don't be too sure, for I see that your enemies are lowering a quarter boat with the very evident intention of preventing me rescuing you."

"For pity's sake don't let them do it!" begged the submerged man, the haggard look of misery deepening upon his face. "Dig spurs in your flanks and keep the whip hand of them, stranger, or they'll beat you at the home stretch and take the pool."

"You are bound to the rock, ain't you?"

"Around the fetlocks and a girth over my bellows."

"Then I'll have to dive to cut the thongs."

"If you don't, it will be all over with me but the shouting."

Jack unhesitatingly plunged into the water, and by dint of hard work he managed to cut the "horsey" prisoner free.

"Can you swim?" asked the young inventor, arising to the surface.

"No; but I can mount this rock and ride it till you get the boat."

"That will do very well. But see—those fellows are coming."

Filled with armed men, in command of the first mate, the quarter boat darted from the side of the anchored ship and came tearing toward Jack and their victim.

Time was precious to the young inventor now, for he feared that the sailors might attack him for rescuing their prey, and, having him at a disadvantage, do him some serious harm.

He swam after the boat, which the tide drifted away, caught it, clambered in, rowed back to the rescued man who was clinging to the rock, and, grasping him, easily pulled him into the boat.

Although he looked as if he might be about thirty years old, the man was a thin, little fellow, weighing no more than one hundred pounds.

He had a brown mustache and a scrub growth of beard on his face, which, coupled with the privations he must have suffered, made him look ten years older than he really was.

His clothing was in tatters, and his face was gaunt and pale.

Observing all this while he was rowing away, Jack asked him:

"How did you fall into the hands of that vessel's crew, my friend?"

"My name's Snap Barrett," replied the little man, "and

I'm a jock by profession; but I got ruled off the track on a foul and shipped on a tramp steamer to France, where I fell in with a gang of pirates. They drove me like a steel and took me everywhere on the sea with them. Finally I kicked over the traces and they put me on yonder ship and raced me over the herring pond."

"Is that ship a pirate of the Spanish main?"

"Don't know," replied Snap, shaking his head. "You see, they kept me stalled down below. They were afraid of me, for I got a cinch on them by discovering where they put all their treasure, and I suppose they thought I'd give the government a tip and make a ten-to-one shot by getting the money away from them. That's the only reason I see for them trying to drown me."

"Those rascals must be in league with the pirates in some way," said Jack thoughtfully. "That's very evident. I'll watch them closer now."

"Say, they're gaining several furlongs on us."

"I'm afraid they will overhaul us before we reach the pier."

"Then, what's the matter with going for that strip of jutting land?"

Snap pointed at a tiny promontory, and Jack pulled for it.

As soon as their pursuers saw their intention the mate shouted:

"Haul to, or we'll fire upon you!" in very good English.

"Not for an instant!" muttered Jack. "It's as much as our lives are worth."

He kept on rowing as fast as possible, and saw the mate raise a revolver, aim it at him and fire.

"Down!" exclaimed Jack, and they both dodged.

And just in time to escape the screaming bullet.

Away shot the skiff, and rounding a high rock that screened them from the shots of the men in the boat, Jack beached the skiff.

Then they both sprang ashore and dashed in amid the bushes, where they were hidden from the view of their pursuers, and made a detour toward Jack's grounds, which they reached by crossing a bridge over the creek.

Sinking into a rustic bench within a rustic summer-house beside the creek, they recovered their breath, and Snap asked, anxiously, of the boy inventor:

"Do you think we are safe here, Mr.—"

"My name is Jack—Jack Wright, and you can call me Jack for short. I ain't a bit alarmed now—we are in my own grounds."

"Yours?" echoed the jockey, with a start and a suspicious look at the dirty suit of blue jeans the young inventor wore. "You are giving me a steer—"

"Oh, no!" laughed Jack good-naturedly. "I own this place."

"Then you're a dark horse and must have lots of sand."

"You said you knew the location of the pirates' treasure?"

"You bet. I wish I didn't have a curb of poverty on my harness or I'd buy a ship and make a sweepstake of the pirates' gold, and come back a millionaire a dozen times over."

"Suppose I were to put such a vessel at your disposal?"

"Why, I'd divide the purse and do all the running to get it."

"You have no home, of course?"

"No. I'll have to stable in some farmer's paddock to-night, I reckon."

"Oh, no, you won't," quickly replied Jack, who took quite a fancy to the jockey. "You stay here with me, and as I'm going to the Mediterranean myself in a submarine boat I've invented to exterminate the pirates on a government contract, I'll take you along if you wish to go, and we'll combine my business with that of securing the pirates' gold."

Snap gazed at Jack in bewilderment and surprise.

"Oh, say, what are you stuffing me with now?" he asked incredulously.

Jack gave a laugh and explained the matter to him, whereupon his unbelief turned into great enthusiasm, and he expressed a desire to see the wonderful submarine boat, and declared that he was not only eager to go, but averred that they would come back enormously rich from their trip.

At that moment they were interrupted by the sound of oars down in the creek, and as a broad flight of stairs opened from the garden down to the water's edge at that point they peered out and saw their enemies in the ship's quarter boat rowing slowly up the creek.

The boat glided on to the handsome brick workshop, a narrow examination of which they saw the sailors making,

and they heard the men speaking in a language entirely unknown to Jack all the while, to which Snap listened with the most intense interest.

Keeping as still as mice, they watched the boat turn around presently and then go down the creek, out on the bay and return to the ship.

Jack glanced at Snap and saw that he was extremely agitated.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" he asked, in surprise.

"Didn't you hear those Moors talking?" demanded the jockey excitedly.

"Of course; but I didn't comprehend a word they uttered," replied Jack.

"Well, I did," said Snap; "and by the shades of Maud S, I've got dead on to a beautiful pull they intend to put on your bridle."

"What did they say?" asked Jack, with a frown.

"They've heard that you invented this underwater racer you spoke about to me, and their leader, Gulab Akka, is playing you. Making out he is going to buy your boat for some foreign country, he intends to take a trip with you, learn how to drive the boat, put a curb bit on you with a pistol, steal the boat and carry it away on board of the Dragon Fly to the Spanish main, where they intend to use it on their pirating expeditions!"

Jack was startled at this revelation.

"The secret is out!" he muttered. "I'm glad I saved your life, for now I know their plot, and shall be able to thwart it. Snap, you have paid back your debt of gratitude nobly. Lose no time, but come with me and we will defeat these scoundrels and land them all in a deserved jail."

"Are you going to handicap them by a raid on their ship to-night?"

"No; but I am going to lay a trap into which they are bound to fall in to-morrow," and Jack hastened away from the summer-house with the jockey.

CHAPTER III.

THE ELECTRIC TURTLE.

On the following afternoon Jack and his three friends met in the young inventor's handsome dwelling, and having perfected their plans, they went down through the garden to the workshop, and opening a door entered a room filled with models of numerous strange devices, drawings of machinery, etc.

This was Jack's private office, and passing through a door they came out in a vast room with all sorts of machinery in it at one end, while at the other was a canal leading out into the creek by means of two big doors in the wall of the building.

It was in this place that the boy's wonderful inventions were put together and launched ready for use, and in the water there floated the last creation of his inventive brain.

It was a submarine boat, in the form of a turtle, one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and about fourteen feet deep, the entire structure being made of galvanized steel plates an inch thick.

There was a railing on its back, surrounding a water-tight trap door, a portion of the shell in front was made of thick barred glass, opening into a pretty pilot-house within; the four enormous legs were used as propellers, the tail was utilized as a rudder, and the head served two purposes.

Worked by complex machinery as the rest of the boat was, the beak of the turtle could open, seize upon any object and tear or rend it to pieces, while, when not so used, a pneumatic gun of tremendous power could be used in it.

They went inside by the trap door on top, and Jack showed Snap all points of interest about his novel boat; Fritz and Tim already knew all about it.

In back of the pilot-house was a combined dining and sleeping apartment, a galley abaft of it, and the sternmost chamber was used as a storeroom for diving apparatus, arms, ammunition and every necessity for such trips as the boat would be likely to make.

Besides these things the rear of the room was taken up by a dynamo and other electrical machinery, jars of battery and a maze of copper wires.

Connected to the legs by wires the electric force operated them in ball-sockets to act in any way when in use, while they sprang out as fingers on which to rest the boat when not moving.

The lower half of the boat was divided into five compartments filled with air, which was compressed into each end room when the water was let in, to sink the boat to any desired depth, and vice versa.

Everything was fitted up in the most elaborate manner at enormous cost, and as Jack pointed at the enormous framework and braces, he said:

"We could descend a thousand feet below the surface without the least fear of the enormous pressure of water crushing our boat. It has cost me more than half my fortune to build this boat, and if we can get a chance at the pirate's treasure I may repay myself the big outlay of money I made."

"And do you mean to say you can actually travel under water in this thing?" asked Snap, who was very much astonished at all he saw.

"Yes; and stay below a week, if necessary," replied Jack. "Do you see those radiators in the floor? They connect with air reservoirs, which keep these rooms constantly supplied with wholesome atmosphere, while those automatic exhaust pipes in the roof carry off the vitiated air to the water."

"Vot dime is it now?" asked Fritz.

"Just a few minutes of three. Go into the dynamo-room, Fritz, and attend to the machinery. Tim, will you watch the instruments on the wall?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the old sailor, stumping over to a number of gauges and indicators, by which Jack could tell the speed, depth, gravity, amount of power, and so forth, in the pilot-house.

There was a row of iron-barred deadlights running along each side of the turtle, before which were fastened powerful electric reflecting lights, and in front of the windows of the pilot-house, on the neck of the turtle, which was a fair-sized deck, was arranged a searchlight of 75,000 candle power, capable of penetrating the water half a mile ahead beneath the surface.

Accompanied by Snap, who now wore a decent suit of clothes, Jack entered the pilot-house and opened a window.

Several of his workmen had come into the room and stood at the door fastenings, ready to swing them open at the order.

Upon seeing everything in readiness, Jack shouted his instructions.

The door then swung open, and the moorings were cast off the boat.

Having seen everything clear to go ahead, the boy returned to the wheel beside which was a small, circular table, on top of which were a number of rubber levers, speaking-tube mouthpieces, and press buttons.

The boy turned one of the levers communicating the electric currents with the legs of the turtle, and then grasped the wheel.

Instantly the enormous legs began a motion in exact imitation of a live turtle moving, and the boat glided out into the creek.

A twist of the wheel curved it around down stream, and the strange boat, with its upper shell submerged to the edges, went ahead, while the men in the shop closed the water-doors again.

As the turtle neared the marble staircase leading up into Jack's garden, two men appeared there and the boy shut off power.

These individuals were Gulab Akka and Captain Leo Reynard of the Dragon Fly, and they had come there in answer to a note the boy inventor sent them, in which he invited them to come aboard the turtle on its trial trip, stating that one of his men informed him that they wanted to buy his boat.

He now wore a pretty blue costume and cap, had the grime and dirt cleared from his face and hands, and felt sure they would not recognize him as the seeming laboring boy in blue jeans of the night before.

However, there was danger of Snap being known, so he said to him:

"Barrett, your old enemies may know you, despite your changed appearance, so you had better pass into the store-room and remain there until I ring an electric bell summoning you here."

"Very well," cheerfully replied the jockey. "I'd like to watch the action of your mount, Jack, but as I'm riding this race to win, long odds I'll put on the blinders and pass it by. The old man will reach the last quarter-post."

He left the room and Jack ran the turtle up to the stairs and stopped it.

The two villains came down to the water's edge, and Jack saluted them through the open window, and said:

"You are Mr. Gulab Akka, I presume?"

"I have the pleasure, sir," returned the Moor politely. "I received your invitation."

"Come aboard, then," said Jack, "by the trap door on top."

At the side of the turtle's back a flight of indentations had been made to answer for steps, and the two men ascended to the railed-in deck, when the trap flew open by a hidden mechanism controlled by Jack and they descended into the passage leading into the pilot-house.

The trap door was closed the same way it was opened, and the two men followed the passage and joined Jack, who had again started the boat.

After the preliminary conversation bearing upon Gulab Akka's supposed object, during which Jack saw that he escaped recognition, the two men commented favorably upon the peculiar arrangement of the boat, and were then shown, to their secret delight, how it was operated.

"It is the most wonderful vessel I have ever seen," said Gulab Akka warmly; "and if it works as well under water as it does on the surface you could gain an independent fortune selling your patent to the Sultan of Morocco, whom I represent."

"You have not seen any of the wonders yet which my boat can perform," quietly replied Jack. "Wait till we get out on the bay."

"Heaven save us, sir!" said Tim, pointing out of the window. "Look thar!"

The shores of the bay were lined with thousands of people who had come from far and near to witness the performance of Jack's new boat. For the newspapers had gained tidings of the purposed exhibition, gave marvelous accounts of what might be expected, and every one who heard of it came flocking to the scene to witness it.

The pier, the shores, the housetops and rowboats, fishing smacks and other crafts were black with people, farm wagons loaded to suffocation, carriages and vehicles of all descriptions rolled in a steady stream up and down the shore and flags and bunting floated everywhere in sight.

A tremendous cheer arose from the multitude, that rolled like muttering thunder to the skies when Jack's boat shot out on the waves of the bay; handkerchiefs waved, hands clapped, ladies screamed, boys whistled and yelled, and every one became excited.

The boy inventor had never received such a tumultuous ovation before, and it made his nerves tingle and his face to flush with pride.

"Once they thought I was a crazy fool, when I proposed to show off my first submarine boat," said Jack cynically; "and I afterward convinced them of their mistake. Now see what a reception they are giving me!"

He turned the lever to its fullest extent and the boat darted ahead at the rate of forty miles an hour; he stopped her within her own length; he curved her to the right and to the left; he submerged her till only part of her pilot-house windows showed on the surface, and, in fact, he put her through every maneuver but one she was capable of.

Then, amid the applause of admiring thousands, he brought her close to the shore, and, opening the window, addressed the multitude.

"My friends," said he, when the noise subsided, "I have shown you that my boat can do all that the press has claimed for it. (Cheers.) And I have therefore disappointed no one. But there yet remains one point to be settled. This craft was designed as a boat for naval warfare. It is supposed to fasten upon the rudder of any ship, tear it off and thus leave the vessel helpless at the mercy of its opponent. At the same time (more cheers) it is able to plant a torpedo under the hull of an enemy's ship, with an electric wire attached, and blow the enemy to pieces, after retreating to a safe distance under water. (Louder applause.) My boat can also navigate just as well under the sea with us as upon the surface. Those maneuvers you, of course, cannot see. But I shall prove its efficacy as a torpedo boat. Lying off yonder is a Moorish ship called the Dragon Fly. The owner of that vessel we will assume to be my enemy. I will now attack the boat in the manner I have described, and you shall witness a real example of what my boat can do, for I'll blow the ship to pieces!"

A thunder of applause followed and Jack closed the win-

Gulab Akka and the captain glanced smilingly at each

other, for they thought Jack was gulling the spectators, and expected to see him go through a mock performance to learn which they were most intensely eager.

But Jack meant every word he uttered, and turning another lever the sea water was pumped into the turtle and she sank beneath the surface out of sight of the eager spectators.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO PECULIAR CHAIRS.

A pale green darkness overspread the interior of the turtle when it sank below the surface, which gradually intensified to utter darkness.

Jack turned one of the levers on the table, and instantly every arc light on board the boat burst into a dazzling glow that half blinded them for a moment.

As soon as they became accustomed to it, they saw an effulgent halo of light streaming out upon the surrounding water from the deadlights for a radius of fifty yards in every direction, while a broad shaft shot from the searchlight a mile ahead like a locomotive headlight.

Every swimming fish within the bounds of the light could be plainly seen, and ejaculations of wonder burst from the strangers on the boat.

Jack, Tim and Fritz were accustomed to the novel sight, so it did not affect them in the remotest degree.

The boy let his boat descend very slowly, in order to accustom the strangers to the increased weight of the atmosphere, and having attained a depth of two fathoms, he stopped the graduated influx of water and started the legs moving in a swimming motion, when the boat started ahead at its present suspension.

"You can see several advantages the turtle's legs have over the propellers I used to employ," said Jack. "In the first place, they can be folded up under the shell when not needed; in the second place, spread out, they graduate the descent evenly and prevent a sudden drop downward; in the third place, their great sweep gives more speed, and in the fourth place they can bring the boat to the surface quicker."

"What reason had you for employing a turtle model?" asked Gulab Akka.

"Several," replied the boy. "It gives me more room, more strength, as much speed, and less draught; for on the surface we can run in six feet of water, if necessary, and therefore go where ships can't follow."

"Excellent reasons! But how good the air is! Save for a faint sense of oppression, slight giddiness and a slower beating of my heart, I can find nothing disagreeable in our present situation."

"Of course not," said Jack. "But may be so, gentlemen, and I will soon show you a sight that will amaze you a great deal."

There were two easy-looking arm-chairs standing invitingly in front of Jack, on either side of the binnacle and the two rascals promptly occupied them and kept their glances fixed upon the water ahead where they saw that thousands of curious fishes, attracted by the glare of the electric lights, were playfully sporting in the brilliant sheen.

"It is simply wonderful!" remarked Gulab Akka, in the Moorish language to the bearded captain. "Few men have ever witnessed the marvels we have seen. I would not lose possession of this boat for ten million francs. I imagine what immense advantage it would be to us stealing upon our prey unseen beneath the water, rendering it helpless, and thus have it at our mercy!"

"Not to lose advantage of this chance of having it so close to our boat," responded the captain, "as soon as we have seen them operate the boat to our entire enlightenment we will shoot them down like dogs with the weapons we carry concealed in our belts, and seize the boat. We can then make a hawser fast to it, secure the other end to the Dragon Fly and go aboard of our ship, raise sail, and tow the turtle away."

"Exactly the plan!" assented Gulab Akka, with an evil smile hovering over his sinister face. "We are more than a match for the three, and if we act promptly we will not have any trouble to succeed."

"Gentlemen," said Jack, interrupting their conversation, "we have arrived close to the Dragon Fly, and we will ascend to the surface. You can then request all of your crew

to take to the boats and witness the performance, and I am sure they will be greatly edified."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be pleased to do so," said the Moor, showing his teeth in a wicked smile.

Jack thereupon turned a lever, pumping the water out of his boat, stopped the propelling legs, and gradually sent his boat to the surface, for had he come up too rapidly the change from the dense to the rarer atmosphere would have overcome them.

When the turtle emerged she was close to the ship.

The spectators on shore cheered the boat's reappearance, and those who had glasses leveled them at it with eager interest, while the boats were kept back by guards in skirts, so as not to interfere with the movements of the turtle.

While Jack sent his boat circling around the ship, Tim and Fritz, on the two decks, were inspecting the hull and machinery in search of any defects that needed remedying, and Gulab Akka opened one of the water-tight windows and shouted, in Moorish, to his men:

"All hands take to the boats and witness the performance. In five minutes return aboard the Dragon Fly and prepare sails for a quick departure. We must drag this boat away and put right out to sea as fast as possible in order to escape capture."

The dark, scowling rascals, who all knew about the plot of their leader, responded with a hoarse cry of assent, and obeyed.

Down came the boats, one by one, filled with a suspiciously large crew, until every one of them had abandoned the ship, and the majestic Dragon Fly swung, alone and deserted, at its anchor chain.

"Is everything clear?" asked Jack.

"Everything is clear, sir," replied Gulab Akka.

"Resume your seat and watch me closely, then."

Upon saying which Jack shut the window and saw that the Moors had drawn off some distance from the ship.

The boy then backed his boat, and aiming the turtle's jaws carefully at the anchor chain, he drove it forward and turned a lever which flung open the turtle's beak and turned the head sidewise.

Ahead shot the boat like a flash, and the jaws caught the thick anchor chain, gave a sudden twist, and cut it in two as if it were merely snapping a thread, so powerful was the shock.

On sped the boat in a circle toward the ship's stern, and the liberated Dragon Fly began to drift with the tide.

Gulab Akka and his captain started with surprise, and an angry look overspread their faces.

"Why," gasped the astonished Moor, "you have cut our cable in earnest!"

"Of course I have," coolly replied Jack. "That's what I intended to do."

"But, sir, we thought you was only jesting."

"Oh, no; I was in deadly earnest, I can assure you."

"But we cannot permit this to go on, you know. It is too serious."

"Nonsense, my good fellow! I am not half through yet."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I am going to tear the rudder off next—watch me."

"No, sir! Never, sir! You are ruining our ship!"

"That is just exactly what the spectators ashore expect to see."

"Outrageous!" gasped Gulab Akka. "You must stop, or——"

He was about to bound to his feet from the chair when Jack touched one of the press buttons and there flew several steel bands out of the soft padding of the chairs that encircled the two men and held them in their seats as if by a vise!

They were thus rendered perfectly helpless, for the hidden mechanism worked by electricity was very strong and pinioned their arms and legs so tightly that they could not move them an inch to help themselves.

Both men were terribly amazed and stricken speechless for a moment.

They looked first at their bonds, then at Jack, and a blank look shone in their fiery eyes, and a deathly pallor overspread their faces.

Gradually, however, they recovered from their astonishment, and, finding utterance at last, they both began to rave, swear and make desperate but futile efforts to get away.

Jack laughed at them.

"Gentlemen," he said coolly, "you are both my prisoners."

"Your prisoners?" gasped the Moor, with a violent start.

"Exactly so. You cannot budge from these chairs till I release you."

"But what is the meaning of this outrage?" raved the Moor.

"I will explain," said Jack, as he touched an electric bell button.

Snap Barrett came in, in answer to the summons.

The moment the two conspirators saw him, they started with alarm.

"Do you want me?" he asked, as he eyed the prisoners savagely.

"Just a moment. Do you recognize this man, Gulab akka?" he added, turning upon the two discomfited men.

"No; I never saw him before!" flared the Moor furiously.

"You lie! He is the fellow you gave your crew orders to fire to the rocks to drown. 'Twas I who saved him after hearing you and your captain speak of it at the Sea Spider house last night. And he exposed your villainy. I know how you designed to steal my boat, but I have baffled you."

A string of expletives in Moorish pealed from their lips.

"In retaliation I am going to destroy your ship and imprison you all! Watch!" said Jack, and he sent the boat flying at the ship's rudder, full force.

The jaws seized it and the motion of the legs was reversed when the rudder was torn from its post, causing the pirates to curse aloud.

Releasing the broken rudder, Jack sent his boat below the surface just as the sailors in the quarter boats rowed in alarm toward their ship.

Catching the keel of the ship by the jaws, he started the turtle shoreward, and dragged the ship along with it.

When the ship was in plain sight of every one on shore, the boy left the wheel in Tim's hands, after stopping the turtle, and taking a copper cylinder from the storeroom, the end of it being furnished with a needle like a spike, he fastened an electric wire to a binding post in the other end and then opened a trap door in the floor.

A short flight of stairs gave him access to a fair-sized room in the turtle's neck, in which stood a pneumatic gas gun, already loaded. Into this he put the cylinder and turned a lever.

The gun shot the cylinder out of the turtle's mouth, and the spike stuck in the hull of the ship, attaching the torpedo there.

The turtle was then released from the ship, backed off, and Jack touched one of the press buttons on the table, when an electric spark flew through the wire attached to the cartridge, and it exploded.

The ship was blown to fragments, to the amazement of the spectators on shore.

The crew of the Dragon Fly, dismayed at what had happened to their boat, put to sea immediately and Jack ran his boat into the creek, after which he released the prisoner's hands and turned them over to the police authorities and they were put in prison. But the lockup being but a very weak affair it did not shelter the prisoners long, as it was attacked that night by the Moorish crew and its inmates rescued and carried off, much to the chagrin of Jack Wright and his friends.

Jack now gave his attention to the Turtle, and two days after, accompanied by Tim, Fritz and Barrett, put to sea, bound for the Mediterranean and the Spanish main.

Nothing of importance transpired on their way worthy of mention, except that the Turtle behaved in a splendid manner and proved herself all that Jack had expected.

Barrett had told Jack that the treasure the Moors desired was at Cabrera, one of the Balearic Islands, which was the pirates' stronghold.

One day the Straits of Gibraltar were sighted.

The turtle passed into the Straits of Gibraltar that night, and on the following morning sighted the Spanish main, within a league of the shore of which Fritz descried a ship bearing down upon them from the eastward, under full sail.

"Sail ho! Sail ho!" shouted the Dutch boy.

Jack came in from the dining-room where he had been taking breakfast.

"What is it, Fritz?" he queried, peering out the window.

"Dot vhas a full-ricked ship vonet, mit der English flack up."

"Oh, yes! A league off our starboard. She's English."

"Vot you t'ink she vhas?"

"Evidently a packet ship."

"Ve vha shpoke mit her?"

"No need of it unless—hello! See there!"

He pointed off to the port side where the rocky bluffs of a distant headland arose from the sea, and following with his glance the direction indicated the Dutch boy saw a large schooner dart from the shore with extraordinary speed and steer straight for the packet.

"Her speed is simply marvelous!" exclaimed Jack, in amazement, as he grasped a glass. "Yet there is only a fair breeze blowing."

"Vot makes dot schooner go so fast, den?" demanded Fritz.

"That's just what puzzles me. She is making at least fifteen knots an hour, in a fair knot breeze. I can't understand it."

"See how gwick she vhas overhaul dot bucket ship."

"Within half an hour the schooner will run athwart its bows."

Jack directed his glass at the perplexing schooner a moment, and then he saw a solution of the mystery.

There was a narrow wake of foam astern of the schooner, but few men upon her deck, and on either quarter what looked like several huge bales of merchandise prepared for transit.

"She's furnished with a propeller!" said the boy. "See the foamy wake—that's a sure sign of it. Yet it must be naphtha that works her, for I don't see any smokestack, nor any sign of smoke."

"Dot vhas funny as noding I effer seen," said Fritz.

They watched the peculiar schooner until it arrived within a hundred yards of the packet, upon the decks of which they saw a number of sailors peering over the bulwarks at the stranger.

The crew of the schooner then suddenly pulled the tarpaulins aside, and showed that the seeming bales were really a number of large guns.

An instant later up through the hatches and out of fore-castle and cabin poured scores of armed men, and a shot was fired athwart the course of the packet, sternly ordering its crew to haul to.

At the same time a huge, black flag, with a white skull and crossbones in the center was hoisted up to the schooner's truck and flaunted its folds to the breeze.

"It's a pirate!" ejaculated Jack, in startled tones.

"Shiminey Christmas!" gasped Fritz. "Dey vhas goin' for dot bucket ship!"

Jack rang a call bell and Tim and Snap came running in. But at that moment a most startling event happened.

A City Beneath the Sea

CHAPTER V.

TRYING TO STEAL A STEAMSHIP.

The packet ship had hauled up in the wind upon receiving the pirate's stern order to do so, and now swung off on a new tack.

As soon as she laid over on the wind, there came the sound of the boatswain's whistle, piping all hands on deck, and a crew much bigger than that of the pirate's swarmed out.

Within two minutes several gangways were thrown open, and to the tune of a martial band several guns of heavy calibre were run out the ports and were rapidly fired at the pirate.

Nearly every man who just came out on the deck of the packet ship wore the uniform of marines in the English navy, and were armed with muskets, cutlasses and small weapons.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Jack. "It's a masked man-o'-war, and evidently has been cruising these waters to invite an attack from the pirates."

"Goldurn my buttons, if you ain't right!" chuckled Tim, with a grin; "an' it's as neat a trick as ever I seen played in all my born days."

The pirates were more amazed than our friends were when the frigate's shots came tearing through their rigging and crashing into the hull of their vessel.

Recovering themselves, however, they hastened to get away from such an ugly enemy, and fired several shots as they ran.

One of these shots carried away one of the packet's masts making it difficult to manage the ship, whereupon the pirates had a great advantage by utilizing their naphtha power in getting out of range of the Englishman's guns.

Several more shots were exchanged, the pirate getting

the beat of the battle, as it worked all around its crippled enemy, when Jack ordered everything made water-tight on board of the turtle.

"I am going to aid the frigate," he remarked.

"Everything's ready," said Snap.

"Then, to your stations, boys!"

A moment afterward the turtle went under water, and pausing in its descent within two fathoms of the surface, Jack sent it speeding toward the pirate's vessel.

It was, of course, next to impossible to locate a vessel that was dodging about as the pirate was, with any degree of accuracy, without seeing it; but Jack had foreseen such a want arising, and furnished his boat with an apparatus that suited his needs.

In the center of the table upon which the levers were fastened a disc two feet in diameter was painted pure white, and directly above it in the ceiling there was a telescopic pipe several inches in diameter, at the top of which was fastened a lens, opposite an opening in it, whose focal strength was equal to the length and depth of the tube.

Near it was a plane-reflector placed at an angle of 45 degrees, which threw the image of any object to which the lens might be directed on the painted disc on the table in a non-inverted position in the dark.

It was called a camera-obscura.

There were no lights on the boat, and in the darkness only the white surface of the table was plain to be seen under water.

Jack grasped a suspended rod, and, moving it, the telescopic tube arose to the surface of the sea and the lens reflected down on the white table an exact picture of everything that transpired on the sea in the direction at which the camera was pointed.

The boy saw the images of the two ships clearly reflected on the board, every movement of and upon them being sharply shown.

By this means, while hidden himself under water, he could see everything that transpired upon the surface, even being able to distinguish people's features, all natural colors, etc.

The frigate was struggling desperately to maneuver in a position to get a shot at its enemy, but the pirate easily eluded it by the aid of its active propeller, and was bombarding it with shot after shot, that soon must sink the Englishman.

Jack started his boat for the pirate, directing his course by the reflection.

In this manner he got under its keel and then withdrew the camera.

He now had the pirate exactly where he wanted it, and pumping water out of the forward part of the turtle, he brought its head to the surface.

The moment it got in line with the pirate's propeller Jack caused the jaws to fasten upon the blades, and with one wrench the wheel was rent from the shaft, demolishing it.

Such a shock ran through the naphtha schooner that all the crew, imagining it was struck by a thunderbolt, rushed to the side and peered over.

Jack viewed the damage through the pilot-house window.

"She is crippled!" jubilantly said the boy.

"Ay, lad; but she can work her sails yet," said Tim.

"Not without a rudder. I'll tear it off."

As he spoke he started the turtle forward again and just as it got a grip on the pirate's rudder the rascals on deck saw it.

Imagining it was some monster of the sea bent upon destroying their vessel, they shouted an alarm and prepared to defend themselves.

The boy inventor turned a lever and with one mighty jerk the turtle ripped the rudder from the stern-post of the schooner.

Instantly the vessel rounded up in the wind.

She was now rendered entirely helpless, and the masked frigate sailed nearer to her, unaware of the trouble, and began to pound her with shot and shell with angry vim.

The schooner was entirely unmanageable, and wholly at the mercy of the English marines, owing to Jack's work.

But the pirates were trying to avenge themselves just then upon the supposed giant turtle.

One of the men lit the fuse of a bombshell and held it over the taffrail to let it drop on the submarine boat and blow it to pieces.

Fortunately Jack saw it in time to start the turtle ahead.

It plunged under the ship just as the man dropped the shell, and having no time to sink, scraped and grated along the hull with a loud sound and a fearful jarring motion.

No sooner was it well beneath the pirate, when the bomb burst with a terrific explosion that blew the stern off the schooner.

She began to fill rapidly and sink.

The shock upon the turtle was frightful, yet fortunately it escaped all injury, although the settling schooner came down upon it.

Pushing the turtle below its natural buoyant mark, the air in the rooms began to expand so that the navigators could hardly breathe it.

In one minute Jack and his friends might have been asphyxiated, but realizing their danger, the boy instantly started the pumps, compressing the atmosphere into the reservoir forward, let in sea water to sink the bow, and arranged the distributing radiators.

Relief came to their lungs at once, for the turtle plunged down under the water, the air regulated itself, and they got clear of the sinking schooner for an instant, and came to a pause again.

Jack glanced out the windows.

A number of ropes had become twisted around one of the arms of the turtle, the other ends fastened to the schooner's rigging, and the boy began to devise a means of getting rid of them, when down came their sinking boat past them, going to the bottom.

The moment it got to the end of the slack of the ropes it began to pull the turtle down with it.

There was no way to prevent their descent, and the rapidity of the sudden dragging to the bottom greatly affected the four inmates of the turtle.

The pressure to be supported increases by one atmosphere for every thirty-two feet of the depth, while on the surface they were under only one.

A rapid transference from one pressure to another so different began to make their blood rush to their heads; there came a fearful singing in their ears that momentarily grew into a veritable roar; their eyeballs seemed on the verge of bursting, terrible headaches assailed them, and they began to bleed at the eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

Fortunately they came to the bottom of a depth of only one hundred feet, subjected to a pressure of but little more than four atmospheres, and presently got over the ill effects of their rapid descent.

But at what a wonderful spot had the boat sunk!

It looked to Jack, when he recovered, as if they were surrounded by houses.

With a cry of surprise he started all the electric lights blazing, and his friends gave vent to ejaculations of the most intense astonishment, for they saw that they were in the midst of an ancient city buried beneath the waves of the strait, close to where it broadens into the sea.

Various estimates of the width of the strait from the time of Scymnus of Chio, in the year 143 B. C., up to the present time show that the strait has gradually enlarged from remote times to the present.

Between Africa and Europe there once were two wooded isles on which were built a temple and altars by the ancients in honor of a mythical god which were called the Pillars of Hercules, near which stood the city of Mellaria. In time the islands sunk. It was into this city beneath the waves they had fallen!

The sunken schooner lay a short distance away.

It was impossible to get to the surface without freeing the turtle's leg of the ropes that bound and held it down.

"We must don our diving suits and leave the boat," said Jack, after a survey of the situation, as he let in enough sea water to hold the turtle to the bottom. "Fritz, come with me."

"Yah!" assented the Dutch boy eagerly. "I vvas glad to go."

They went into the storeroom and put on their suits of armor, which had glass visors to the helmets, knapsacks filled with compressed air and electric lamps on top. The helmets, and fitted with audiphones so they could talk to each other.

Going down into the central water chamber, they entered a closet, shut the door, opened a trap at the side, admitting the sea water into the closet, and passing through, they found themselves on the sea bottom, where, upon spread legs, the turtle was quietly resting in a halo of brilliant light.

A most curious scene surrounded them.

Strewn over the sandy bottom were thousands of stars and prickly sea urchins of the most curious and varied colors.

"City Beneath the Sea"

They first cut the ropes. Conversation was an easy matter for them, then. With carriers round and Jack had innermost subradials with vibratory plates called audionophones. The submerged city presented a weird aspect. They started to explore it. They were in a vast courtyard, with both submerged vessels but the tiles had broken down the walls in some places giving them a view of numberless one-storied houses in various stages of demolition. There houses were made of some kind of clay which had hardened by the sun. It was a hard brown and therefore had been able to withstand the action of the water throughout so many centuries. They reached one of the streets of Mellaria. It was very narrow and its only pedestrians were fish. Regulators moved its great caudal pumps here and there; the streets were filled with shifting sands.

The remains of an ancient race of men were found in the loamy the construction of the houses, lacinated ancient pottery and different crooked household utensils of singular shape. Leaving the house they found the pillars of a temple - on broken and fallen statues, amid the ruins which they found in a vast courtyard, and the other standing as a gateway

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centered in the city, it
great volume of water and
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pen and then arounds and miles.
Some of the houses have fallen in the
water and some have been
standing in the water, the first built
centuries ago.

"strange, strange," expressing fact. "I am
the city, was all above water. The sea
was from a great man made. The water
merged. The cooling of the earth caused the
thin crust already formed to break up.
The sea surface, the cavities and the pressure
above appear above the water. The great
depth of the sea is only 5 miles and that is
about the height of our mountains, which
shows that the bottom of the sea is like
the surface of the earth.

Using a small fish approaching the shore,
upon the water that was surrounded by
the sea and given off into a gushing gulf
that could be seen in the water. They
were in the water, how to get out was the question.

they embarked on the turtle and started on their cruise of adventure.

The news of their intentions had spread among the villagers, and when the turtle glided out on the bay with flags flying at the top of the portable poles on her deck, Jack saw that every man, woman and child in the town had come down to the water's edge to see them off.

A band of music burst into melody, guns were fired, people cheered and handkerchiefs were waved as the turtle sped across the bay, and our friends on the boat responded with shouts and the discharge of firearms from the deck of the turtle.

But as soon as they opened up the headland, Wrightstown faded from view, all sounds ceased, and they found themselves launched upon their journey, with the sun going down amid a bank of threatening storm clouds, and the sea assuming a murky aspect.

A league away to the windward Jack descried a huge transatlantic steamer forging ahead to the eastward with a stream of dense, black smoke pouring from its smokestack, and he directed a powerful binocular at it for a few moments.

He finally turned to Tim with:

"She's French; and the name is La Champagne."

"Boun' fur Havre from New York, I reckon," said Tim, reflectively.

"A regular racer, too," said Snap. "She's going at a twenty-mile gait."

"Plenty fast enough for us to keep company with her across the sea," replied Jack. "I'll run along with her for the sake of company."

"Now if dot wessel vhas Sherman," said Fritz, regretfully, "mebbe I vhas got some bleasure mit shpoken by der bassengers somedimes alretty."

Jack turned one of the levers, increasing the speed of the turtle, and the singular boat began to rapidly overhaul the steamship.

Within half an hour they were running alongside of it, when the lookout descried the boat and shouted that a monstrous-sized sea turtle was swimming alongside the steamer on the port side.

With intense curiosity every one on deck rushed to the bulwarks and peered down at the immense creature, the outlines of which they could just distinguish in the fast-gathering twilight.

Jack and his friends laughed at their astonishment, but their mirth was suddenly turned into alarm, when they heard the French captain shout:

"Clear away the port signal gun! I am going to have a shot at it!"

He saw that small arms would not have any effect on the turtle.

"This won't do," said Jack. "They've got a pretty big brass gun up in that open gangway, and thick though our steel plates are, they may sink us, boys."

"Wot in thunder's ter be did?" asked Tim, with an alarmed look in his good eye.

"Dife down below!" exclaimed Fritz. "Gwick, vonct, or dey but a pullet in us!"

"It isn't necessary," said Jack, quietly. "I'll show them who and what we are."

He turned a lever and the electric lights burst into a sudden blaze.

The people upon the steamer gave utterance to cries of amazement, for in the blinding glare that shone in the pilot-house window, and through the row of deadlights running along the quarter, they saw that it was not an aquatic animal, but some kind of boat with people in it.

Our friends were clearly to be seen within the pilot-house making gestures to the people on the steamer, just as the

captain of the big ship was upon the point of firing at the turtle.

Jack flung open a window.

"Steamer ahoy!" hailed he in French.

"Ahoy, there!" responded the amazed captain. "What is that—a torpedo boat?"

"Yes," replied Jack. "Don't shoot!"

All the passengers were amazed, and commented on the strange sight.

"Where are you bound for?" demanded the French captain.

"The coast of Spain. We will accompany you over."

"Oh! But be careful not to run athwart our course, or collide."

"Have no fear, sir," replied Jack, and he closed the window; and the French captain took the hint that it meant an end of the dialogue.

While this was going on Snap had been watching the faces of the passengers through a night-glass which Tim had handed him.

A surprised look came over his face, and lowering the glass he said:

"Say, Jack, I've made a discovery."

"What's the matter now?" queried the young inventor.

"Gulab Akka and his crew are on that steamer!" said the jockey.

"How do you know?" asked Jack, very much startled. "Did you see them?"

"Of course I did. I know every one of them by sight, don't I?"

"By Jove! then they must have recognized us!"

"There can be no doubt of it."

"Escaping from Wrightstown jail, they must have gone to New York and taken passage on the steamer to get back to Europe."

"And I'll bet two to one that they'll do some mischief before they reach the stretch."

"We must inform the captain of the steamer to-morrow, or to-night, for that matter, that he has got a gang of pirates who are flying from the law of the United States, as passengers on his steamer," said Jack, decisively.

"If we put a curb and check rein on those kickers before they take the bit," said Snap, "perhaps we may prevent them from foundering the steamer's crew."

Fritz had gone into the kitchen and prepared a savory supper at a stove heated by electricity, as he was an excellent cook, and he now interrupted their conversation by announcing that the meal was ready.

Jack remained at the wheel while his friends partook of the repast, and watching the fast-gathering gloom, he saw that a storm was sweeping up that was bound to break before midnight.

The monotonous lapping of the waves around the hull was broken every half hour by the mournful clanging of the bell ringing out the time on the ship, and the wind kept steadily increasing.

Off on the starboard side rolled the great iron steamer, its cabin and deck lights shining out on the waves, while a steady stream of smoke poured from the stack, and the churning propellers left a wide wake of hissing foam astern.

It was a dreary scene, but just then there came a sudden pistol shot from the steamer, followed by a wild cry of distress.

Jack was startled, and snatching up his night-glass he directed it toward the steamer and gained a clear view of her deck.

At the same moment there reached his ears the sounds of many voices shouting and swearing, followed by several more shots.

The boy saw a tremendous crowd of sailors and civilians

they embarked on the turtle and started on their cruise of adventure.

The news of their intentions had spread among the villagers, and when the turtle glided out on the bay with flags flying at the top of the portable poles on her deck, Jack saw that every man, woman and child in the town had come down to the water's edge to see them off.

A band of music burst into melody, guns were fired, people cheered and handkerchiefs were waved as the turtle sped across the bay, and our friends on the boat responded with shouts and the discharge of firearms from the deck of the turtle.

But as soon as they opened up the headland, Wrightstown faded from view, all sounds ceased, and they found themselves launched upon their journey, with the sun going down amid a bank of threatening storm clouds, and the sea assuming a murky aspect.

A league away to the windward Jack descried a huge transatlantic steamer forging ahead to the eastward with a stream of dense, black smoke pouring from its smokestack, and directing a powerful binocular at it for a few moments before finally turned to Tim with:

"She's French; and the name is La Champagne."

"Boun' fur Havre from New York, I reckon," said Tim, reflectively.

"A regular racer, too," said Snap. "She's going at a twenty-mile gait."

"Plenty fast enough for us to keep company with her across the sea," replied Jack. "I'll run along with her for the sake of company."

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Jack was startled, and snatching up his night-glass he directed it toward the steamer and gained a clear view of her deck.

At the same moment there reached his ears the sounds of many voices shouting and swearing, followed by several more shots.

The boy saw a tremendous crowd of sailors and civilians

on the deck engaged in a desperate struggle, and then some one shouted:

"Down with the Moors! They are trying to seize the steamer!"

"Great Heaven!" muttered Jack, utterly aghast. "The pirates have turned upon the steamer's company and are trying to get possession of the steamer! I am too late putting the captain on his guard!"

The noise of the strife brought Jack's friends rushing into the pilot-house, eager to learn the cause of the disturbance.

In a few words the boy apprised them of the state of affairs.

"They're a savage crew," said Snap, "and they fight to the death. They will either own that steamer or every man of them will perish."

"By heavens, we must not permit this outrage!" said Jack. "All hands stand by to aid the ship's company, and we will save them from the hands of those sea robbers!"

A cheer burst from Jack's friends, and they followed out his instructions while he drove the turtle over to the steamer and got a grip on its rudder-post with the beak.

The fight was going on furiously up on deck when the four came up through the deck trap and ascended a hooked rope with which Jack caught the steamer's taffrail.

CHAPTER VI.

A STORM BENEATH THE SEA.

Jack and his friends wore suits and helmets of armor, designed for diving purposes, made of a thin metal stronger than steel and as white as polished silver, which the boy invented, when they reached the steamer's deck.

They carried no knives or firearms, but each one had with him a knapsack furnished with marvelously strong electric batteries to which wires were fastened, the other ends of which were bound to forked carbon points.

As they reached the deck the fight was at its height between Galub Akka's men and the sturdy crew of the French steamer.

Unfortunately the pirates outnumbered the officers and sailors, and having locked the passengers below they were forcing the Frenchmen back toward the stern before their pistols when Jack's crew appeared.

"Now, boys, go for them!" shouted the young inventor.

With a ringing cheer they dashed across the deck, and, passing through the ship's company, placed themselves between the combatants.

"It is the boy inventor who sunk our ship!" yelled Gulab Akka, in Moorish.

A fearful howl escaped his men, and a score of pistols were aimed at the four dauntless fellows, and were fired with unerring precision.

A rain of bullets hit the divers, and the shocks staggered them for a moment, but the balls did not penetrate their wonderful armor.

"It is our turn now!" exclaimed Jack, and they pointed their carbons toward the pirates, and turned the circuit connectors in the knapsacks.

Instantly a fearful scene followed.

Long shafts of fire spurted in lightning-like jets from the ends of the carbons, and burnt the Moors, who yelled with pain.

Here and there darted the forked jets, flashing upon the scene silently yet with appalling effect, and unable to endure it the Moors retreated, screaming for mercy and flinging away their arms in abject terror.

Like red-hot knives searing their quivering flesh struck

those lightning darts, and every time a man was hit he fell stunned to the neck, or ran writhing with agony with his clothing burnt and his flesh scorched.

Like will-o'-the-wisps leaped the fiery tongues in every direction, and the terrified Moors screamed, begged and moaned for mercy until the divers had driven them all up forward in the bows.

A cheer burst from the rescued crew of the steamer, and they eagerly followed the subdued rascals, and drove them down into the hold among the freight, where their stunned companions were placed, and then they were locked in to bemoan their defeat.

Just as soon as Jack's friends saw that their services were no longer required they shut off the lightning flash from the carbons, and the grateful captain rushed up to them and shook them by their hands, expressing in heart-felt terms of gratitude how happy they made him.

"It was my intention to have warned you against those fellows to-night," said the boy inventor, "but it seems they got ahead of me."

"Sacre bleu!" said the captain, "they made an effort to seize the steamer."

"Monsieur, they wanted to rob you of your cargo and turn the vessel into a pirate, for that is their vocation," said Jack, explanatorily.

"What a terrible calamity you have averted for me by your courage and strange weapons!" exclaimed the captain. "See—several of my crew were shot and wounded, but the Moors suffered worse, I'll warrant, for though outnumbered two to one, my brave fellows resisted them like lions."

Just then the terrified passengers were released and received an explanation of what had transpired, whereupon their gratitude to Jack and his friends knew no bounds.

Our friends, however, modestly retired to their own boat followed by a shower of blessings, promising to dine with them at the first opportunity during the trip across the ocean.

The jaws of the turtle were then released from the rudder-post, our friends divested themselves of their armor, and they finished their interrupted supper and talked over the event.

It now seemed as if there was a good chance of the pirates going to a deserved prison, for the steamer's company was so incensed against them they were liable to do anything to have them punished.

Jack's crew was then divided into two watches, and they sped through the heaving sea all night, within a cable's length of the steamship, their glaring electric lights illuminating the dark water all around, and their noiseless machinery working to perfection.

Just before the dawn of day, however, Jack aroused his crew by ringing a gong, and as they came tumbling into the pilot-house, half asleep, he pointed off to the windward and said:

"See there, boys, the storm is soon going to break upon us."

Across the heaving billows there came rolling a wall of mist and foam, and Tim gave a grunt and exclaimed:

"Ay, now, but that's a screamin' gale; an afore long thar's goin' ter be high jinks cuttin' up on thier sea as'll wreck many a good craft."

"Down below we won't feel anything of the storm," suggested Jack, "and if you all are agreeable we'll go below to keep out of the rough water until it blows over."

"That suits me, for one," said Snap, with an approving nod, for he was greatly interested in the marine wonders below them.

Jack saw that the people on the steamer had furled all sail, battened down hatches, made everything secure on deck with ropes and marline, and were preparing for the squall.

Plunged into inky darkness, they could go no further, and yet no sign of the sunken city was found.

Further search was now absolutely out of the question, and they came to a pause in the gloom beside an immense mound covered with seaweed, and Jack said desperately:

"It's no use, Fritz—we can do nothing."

"Den ve go by der dop of der vater?"

"There is no other course left for us."

At that moment something struck Fritz, like the branch of a tree, he felt it attach itself to him and the next instant he was violently flung down and thrashed upon the ground.

"Shack! Shack!" he bellowed. "Helb me vonct. It's a snake! Oh, holy shining, bull it away! I'm gettin' beated to pieces alretty!"

"What's the matter?" gasped Jack, in alarm. "I can't see anything."

"Oh, come ofer here vonct! Hey, you son-of-a-gun—stob a leedle! You vhas nearly proke mine chaw. Shack, vy don'd yer helb me?"

A thrill of horror passed through the boy inventor, for it was evident that some monster had got Fritz in its clutches, although what it was he could not see in the gloom.

The fearful feeling of uncertainty he was thus thrown in was awful, and he blindly jerked an electric knife from his belt and pushed his way toward the spot Fritz's cries came from.

Not two steps had he taken, however, when another of the rope-like appendages struck him a violent blow and a cup-like sucker fastened upon his left hand and began to draw.

At the same moment a coil of the long, sinuous arm wound around his neck, and he was dragged off his feet.

A fearful spasm of pain shot through him from the tentacle which had fastened upon him, much as if it were touched by a red-hot iron.

The flesh was drawn and puckered, and he slashed out with his knife and cut the long, white feeler in two, whereupon the sucker dropped from his hand, but the grip around his neck tightened.

He was thrashed about, receiving blow after blow, until at last a faint, stunned feeling overcame him.

"God help me!" he gasped, struggling in vain to release himself from the deadly clutch of his unseen foe. "What monster has got hold of me?"

Another fearful blow upon his head rendered him senseless.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMERICAN MARINES.

When Jack recovered his senses a few minutes afterward he was blinded by a fearful glare of light, and became conscious of a fearful commotion in the water all around him.

As soon as he could pull his shattered wits together he saw that he yet lay on the bottom of the sea, the turtle was standing a short distance away, and off to the left the tremendous devil-fish they had tried to escape, with its waving arms entwining Fritz, was trying to move away, while Tim, in a diving suit, was waging a furious onslaught against it.

In the pilot-house of the Turtle stood Snap, looking on with an interested look upon his face, and the old sailor was wielding a long knife with such deadly effect that he was hewing the fish to pieces.

The boy arose to his feet.

He ached all over, yet the exciting scene which met his view made him forget his own trouble and aroused his valor.

He hurried to Tim's assistance, and between them they managed to cut Fritz free of the creature with their knives.

What little there was left of the devil-fish then vanished in the darkness beyond, and they found that Fritz was senseless.

He had simply fainted from fear, however.

"You didn't arrive any too soon to save our lives," said Jack, as they carried the unconscious Dutch boy aboard the boat.

"Lord save yer!" replied Tim, closing the sea-trap, opening the door leading into the hold and passing within the Turtle. "Yer see, as we thought sommat had happened to yer, bein' as yer didn't tack back for the boat in sich a long time, and Snap an' I set out ter look for yer. Yer sees how we succeeded."

"Do you suppose Fritz is injured?"

"No. None of his armor is injured."

Bringing the Dutch boy upstairs, they took off his suit and soon revived him from his swoon.

It was then ascertained that he was not injured in any way.

His astonishment at being saved was intense.

"Vhas ye weery near from dot city?" he asked curiously.

"About two knots," replied Tim soberly.

"Then we must have been going away from it instead of toward it," said Jack. "Anyway, it's all right now, so we won't complain."

They explained what had befallen them, and then brought the boat up to the surface in quest of the English frigate, but the vessel had gone and now was hull down on the horizon.

Not a vestige of the pirate ship remained on the surface.

The Turtle then left Gibraltar astern and headed eastward, going for the Spanish main in quest of more enemies to subdue.

At the time of which we write the Sultan of Morocco and the Dey of Algiers had been waging war against numerous nations in order to protect their pirating industries in the Mediterranean.

After numerous conflicts with the Americans, Commodore Preble, in command of a squadron, sailed for the scene of war in the frigate Constitution.

Having settled some difficulties with the Sultan of Morocco, whose pirates were then upon the sea, he appeared with his vessel before the harbor of Tripoli, where a serious disaster occurred.

The frigate Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, while inspecting the harbor, struck a rock and was captured by the Tripolitans.

Her officers were made prisoners of war and her crew were made slaves.

When the news reached Preble, who was at Malta, a plan was devised for the destruction of the Philadelphia before her captors could make her ready for sea in the capacity of a pirate.

Lieutenant Decatur, with seventy-four volunteers, ardent and gallant young men like himself, set sail from Syracuse in a small boat called a "ketch," named the Intrepid.

The plan was to await a blow, enter the harbor in the disguise of a vessel in distress and moor alongside of the Philadelphia, when a chance to destroy the frigate might occur.

On the night they put out to sea, Jack was in pursuit of an Algerine ship, which eluded him in the darkness, and, having determined upon crossing the sea to the coast of Spain, he brought the turtle about when he discovered Decatur's little boat.

Driving the turtle up to it, arousing no little astonishment in its patriotic crew, he opened a window and hailed them with:

"Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" came the response. "Is that a torpedo boat?"

"It is. And yours?"

"We are American seamen," replied Decatur.

"So are we, and therefore friends. Haul to."

The Turtle ran up to the ketch and Jack instantly saw that the men were man-o'-war's men, bent upon particular business.

They all expressed their wonder at the queer shape of Jack's boat, and Decatur asked the boy:

"May I board your singular craft?"

"Certainly, sir," said the young inventor, seeing he was talking to a distinguished man.

The lieutenant came on board the turtle, and upon seeing who its crew were, he introduced himself and explained his mission.

Jack was deeply impressed by the gallant officer's project, and said:

"I can assure the success of your plan for you, sir."

"How can you do it?" was the eager question.

"By taking your men on my vessel and doing it for you."

"Oh, no; that would not do."

"But it is safe to venture, for this is a submarine boat."

"I could not permit it. You must run no risk for us."

"Pardon me," said Jack, showing his letter of marque. "I am a privateer, duly commissioned by Congress to exterminate the pirates in these seas, so you see I am upon the same mission as you are."

"Indeed, so you are. 'Pon my word, this is amazing! But I have my orders from the commodore and will carry them out if I perish in the undertaking!"

"Of course you cannot shirk your duty, sir," replied Jack. "I will, however, accept your assistance."

"Name the manner in which I can aid you and I'll do it."

"With a few of my men I will send the Intrepid into the harbor of Tripoli, and you can carry in the rest of my crew. If we succeed you can give me my men and we will do the work; but if we fail, I would be glad to have your assistance in aiding us to escape back to where we came from."

"Your request shall be granted most willingly, sir," said Jack.

The transfer was soon made, and they proceeded on to Tripoli.

The night was dark and stormy, favoring Decatur's plans, and the little boat dashed into the bay of Tripoli in the storm, followed underwater by Jack's turtle.

No attention was paid to the little boat, and it came to anchor alongside of the captured frigate. The turtle arose to the surface near it.

At a word of command, the crew on the turtle leaped aboard the Philadelphia, led by the intrepid Decatur, and after a desperate fight killed or drove into the sea her turbanned occupants, consisting of Moors, Arabs, Algerines and Turks.

Then they set her afire and escaped by the light, under cover of a heavy cannonade from the American squadron, and followed by shots from the castle batteries ashore and from vessels at anchor.

Favored by a strong breeze, the little Intrepid bade fair to escape uninjured from the harbor; but a screaming shot struck her below the water line as she was opening up the headland and sunk her, leaving her powder-blackened crew struggling for life in the water.

Just then, like Venus rising from the deep, the submarine boat came to their rescue, and taking every one on board, Jack brought them to Syracuse, where they were greeted with joy by the American squadron.

When they left the American squadron they were armed with plenty of information as to where they might find numbers of the pirates' ships, and made a first attempt at the isle of Cabrera.

"We've got a double purpose in view now, boys," said Jack to his friends. "The first is to blow up the ships of the pirates at their rendezvous, and the second is to get our hands upon the vast treasure they have got stored in the caverns under the island, for we all want to return to Wrightstown loaded with money."

The course of the turtle was therefore shaped for the pirates' isle, and, putting on speed, Jack drove through the sparkling sea at a rapid rate.

In due course of time she reached a point 107 miles southeast of the mouth of the Ebro, the nearest point of the Spanish coast, and 171 miles north of Algiers, when the rugged outlines of land appeared.

Snap gave but one look at it, then he cried triumphantly: "There lies the pirates' island now!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A WONDERFUL SHOT.

As the turtle drew nearer to the island our friends saw that it was a low-lying rocky place, with frowning crags and dangerous shores, a huge castle built upon the summit of one of the bluffs.

Not the least trace of a ship was to be seen, however.

Snap assured them that there was nothing strange in that, though, for there was a small, rocky locked bay in the island, wherein the pirates kept their vessels anchored out of sight of passing ships.

It was reached by a winding passage that shut off all view of the bay from the seaward, and was an impervious barrier against the ingress of enemies, for ten men up on the rocks could hold a squadron at bay by throwing shells down on any vessel that might seek to enter the passage.

The place had a forlorn, desolate look.

"Don't judge by appearances, though," advised Snap. "That isle's a dark horse."

"How do you mean?" queried Jack, in perplexity.

"The pirates have a policy never to show themselves."

"Then I'll stir them up and find out what their numbers are now."

"How can you do it?"

"I'll show you. Fritz, go down in the gun-room."

The Dutchman obeyed, and Jack then sunk most of the boat under water save the pilot-house and part of the turtle's head.

By turning a lever he elevated the beak above the sea.

He then brought the turtle to a standstill, and taking a brass cylinder from a box, he unscrewed the end and dropped a white powder in.

Fastening it up again, he handed it down through the trap in the floor to Fritz, and said:

"Put that in the gun."

"Yah," replied Fritz, obeying.

Jack then measured the distance between the boat and shore.

"We are about five miles from the island," he remarked.

"My gun will carry three times that distance with equal velocity."

"What are yer a-goin' ter do?" queried Tim.

"Do you see that tremendous mass of rocks right off the castle?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the old sailor with a nod.

"I am going to blow it to fragments."

Snap laughed skeptically.

"You can't do it!" he declared.

"Can't I? You watch it closely and you'll see," replied Jack.

He then touched the electric press button.

There came a sudden thud, which made the boat recoil, a loud whistling noise, and the projectile flew out of the gaping jaws of the turtle, described a curve in the air, and in the fraction of a minute it struck the spot Jack had indicated.

No explosion had followed the shot, and no explosion came when the projectile struck the rocks.

A vast cloud shot up from the island, hung in the air, and the wind carried it ten miles off and rained it down in the sea.

This cloud was composed of dust, dirt, gravel and stone.

The place where the mark Jack shot at had been standing like a wall of iron, no longer existed on the island.

Instead there was a vast trench furrowing the island inland for a distance of one thousand feet, into which the sea water rushed, and, filling it up instantly, formed a bay five hundred feet wide.

The shot had cut this immense morsel out of the land, ground most of it to dust and sent it skyward.

Even Tim was amazed at the stupendous experiment.

"Keel haul me!" he gasped. "Wot in thunder wuz that—a cyclone?"

"Just about one ounce of my newly invented explosive," laughed Jack, "put into a copper cylinder and struck with great force by projection against the island. See the result."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Snap, in astonishment. "It seems like a dream."

"Look here!" exclaimed Snap, pointing shoreward.

"The pirates are, as I expected, aroused!" said Jack.

All over the top of the island they saw scores of men running to and fro, having appeared as if by magic.

They were closely examining the rent ground, and, no doubt, were speculating over the cause of it.

"The place is densely populated," said Jack.

"There must be hundreds of 'em!" assented Tim.

"Is their harbor entrance near here, Snap?"

"East of the castle."

"Very well. We will go in and destroy their ships. Fritz, take these torpedoes and load the gun with them. You see, I can grade my gun and fire it from here, boys. It's a repeater, and will hold just one hundred of these cylinders."

The brass tubes he handed to the Dutch boy were exactly like the first one, only that each had a spike at each end, and a binding post with an electric wire attached at the other end, the same as the one used in destroying the Dragon Fly at Wrightstown.

The copper wires were all attached to the batteries on the boat.

As soon as everything was in readiness, Jack sank the turtle a few feet below the sea, put his camera-obscura in operation, and started the searchlight.

Then he started the boat shoreward, and said:

"Tim, keep a lookout for rocks and shoals by the searchlight."

"Snap, watch the camera board and tell me when we reach the channel leading into the pirates' bay," continued the boy.

"Very well," said the jockey, complying.

"Fritz, you remain down in the gun-room and work the torpedoes."

"Yan!" came the Dutchman's cheery response.

"Do you know anything about the channels around here, Snap?"

"The water's deep right up to the shore."

"How about the passage leading into the bay?"

"It's wide and deep. There's plenty of water and plenty of room."

Jack drove the boat rapidly ahead, and keeping his eye on the compass, he brought the turtle close to the island in a few minutes.

"Hard a-port!" sang out Tim. "Thar's a wall ahead."

"That must be the island. Port it is."

"It's on our beam now."

"Good! How far, Snap, to the entrance?"

"Half a mile. We're close to the island's rail, I see here on the board."

"All right," said Jack, and as the turtle's legs fanned through the water she sped like a rocket along the rock-bound shore.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Snap presently. "We're close to the entrance."

Upon the board was depicted a ceaseless wall of rock towering high in the air on the port side, but now there appeared in the reflection a wide breach in the wall, into which the water flowed.

Jack let his compass be, and now turned his attention to the board.

He skillfully guided the turtle into the passage by the wheel, and saw as they proceeded that it became winding.

The speed of the boat was now slackened, and she proceeded more carefully, as there was danger of running into sunken rocks.

Within a few moments, after making several turns, they saw by the reflection of the camera that they had gone into a tiny, land-locked bay in which several fine-looking ships rode at anchor.

The shores were a wall of rock, but on four sides stone steps had been cut through passages leading to the top of the island, and at the bottom of these steps rowboats were moored.

The ships were all deserted, but at the foot of each flight of stairs stood two sentinels in picturesque Moorish costume, with shouldered muskets, guarding the bay watchfully.

Not another soul was in sight, for the bomb which struck the isle had drawn all the rest away to that spot to investigate its cause.

Jack was delighted, and said:

"I can now carry out my plan to destroy their ships without a useless sacrifice of human life. How many vessels are there?"

"Six," replied Snap, counting on the board intently.

"Beautiful crafts, too. It's a shame to spoil them."

"They have got a hundred more, Jack."

"I have no doubt of it. Now, boys, all ready! Stand by to work."

He sent the turtle flying over to the nearest boat, and shot one of the torpedoes into its keel, then passed on to the rest.

As soon as all the wires were laid he retreated to the mouth of the passage and touched an electric button.

The current flashed over the wires and exploded the torpedoes.

There was an awful, simultaneous roar, and the six ships were literally blown to fragments and flung high in the air.

The Turtle did not feel the least shock from it, but they saw the sentries go rushing up the stone staircases in terror, and presently observed hundreds of men with amazed faces peering down from the crest of the isle at the spot where the ships had been riding at anchor a short time before.

They were all wildly gesticulating, as if they were at a loss to understand the cause of the calamity which had befallen them, and Jack burst out laughing at their consternation, and remarked:

"This is only the beginning. The end will be far worse for you, my friends."

CHAPTER IX.

WITHIN THE MAMMOTH CAVES.

Having coiled in the wires with which the torpedoes had been exploded, Jack turned to Snap and asked him:

"How do you get into the treasure cavern of the pirates?"

"Through the old castle up on the bluff," replied the jockey.

"Isn't there any means of getting into the other caves from here?"

"Yes, some of them are flooded; and there's a passage through that opening in the wall over there," replied Snap, pointing to the north.

Jack saw an arched opening in the rocks and started the boat for it.

"Don't those fellows live on the island?" he asked, after a pause.

"Of course," assented Snap. "That's where their settlement was. They are located in a deep ravine through which a stream flows."

"How deep is the channel leading in?"

"I don't know, but think you can easily get through, at its high tide."

As soon as they reached the big opening in the wall, the Turtle glided through into a vast cavern entirely flooded with water.

But it was rather shallow, high though the tide was, as the boat was deep, and also submerged, and the bottom grated on the rocks.

Once inside, Jack brought the boat to the surface, and they were thus enabled to float along easily into the great cave.

It was very dark where they then navigated, but Snap said they would soon reach a place where the pirates' settlement was, and then would have plenty of light. The searchlight had been extinguished.

They did not dare to light their electric lamps for fear of attracting somebody's attention to the boat, and therefore carefully proceeded in the gloom slowly, Tim keeping a sharp lookout ahead.

In the distance a faint light was discerned, toward which they went, and as it grew lighter they saw that the roof and walls of the cavern were made of millions of stalactites that gleamed and flashed like myriads of diamonds on all sides.

Presently they saw that the light emanated from a large opening in the roof of the cavern, and beheld a widening of the lake under this aperture, the walls pierced in various places by streams that intersected the island in several directions.

All around the borders of the lake were hundreds of caves in the walls, some natural, others artificial, in which the men dwelt whose remains they had just passed.

They cut straight across the lake, and going through a small passage, emerged again into a wide stream that ran through a wild ravine, along the shores of which hundreds of wooden habitations were built, in which the sea robbers dwelt when ashore.

The place was deserted, and under Jack's guidance our friends went ashore and set fire to most of the buildings.

Just as the last firebrand had been applied to the thatched roofs, Tim saw a number of the pirates come rushing down a rocky defile from the tableland above, attracted by the smoke to the spot.

"Get under sail, lads!" he shouted. "Some o' ther pirates has hove in sight, an' is bearin' down on us vonder."

"They see us now," said Jack; "and they will know who blew up their ships. Ha! Look out—they are aiming weapons at us."

A wild yell arose from the buccaneers, and they fired a volley of pistol shots at the divers as they came tearing toward them.

The pirates were made up of French, Spanish, Moorish, Turkish, Algerine and Tripolitan ruffians in native costumes, every one of them armed and furious at discovering the authors of their trouble.

A rain of bullets whistled around the adventurers, fortunately doing them no harm, as they ran for the Turtle, which was moored at the shore, and scrambled on board.

The pirates now saw what a strange craft our friends possessed, and gazed at it in deep wonder, while several fired shots at it.

Not one of the bullets had the least effect upon the thick steel plates of which the Turtle was built, and as soon as Jack reached the pilot house he pulled the steel shutters down over the glass front to protect it.

The next moment, the mooring lines having been cast off, the Turtle shot out in midstream, and Jack sent it below the surface, from which hidden point she crept away, leaving the pirates under the belief that she had foundered.

Returning to the cavern under water, Snap showed Jack the stream that led to the direction of the castle, and they followed it.

It led them to a huge, rusted iron door, studded with large nail heads, and there the boat came to a pause, for the door was locked.

"We must get the door open to get into the vaults under the castle," explained Snap; "but how to do it is what rattles me."

"Oh, that's an easy matter," said Jack, with a smile. "Get on your suit of mail and come ashore with me. We will open the door and you can then show the way to the pirates' treasure chamber."

He told Tim and Fritz how to act during their absence, and as soon as they were both ready in their armored suits he took a wire, and, making it fast to the battery, stepped ashore with the other end.

This he fastened to the iron door, and signaling to Tim in the pilot-house to turn on the powerful current, the door was soon in a white heat, and began to rapidly melt and run away in a liquid.

Half of the door was thus noiselessly made way with, revealing a stone corridor above water on the other side, and as Fritz coiled in the wire Jack and the jockey passed through the hot portals into the passage.

Starting the electric lights on their helmets, they saw by the dazzling glare that was shot ahead a flight of stone steps.

Mounting them, they came to a second door, which was fastened on the other side, but they were prepared to open it.

Snap had explained to Jack all he would have to encounter.

The young inventor had the location of the great padlock pointed out to him, and withdrawing a bottle of corrosive acid from his pocket, he applied some to the metal over the lock.

A hole was eaten through the iron within a few minutes, and the hasp of the padlock fell out, decayed through and through.

They then pushed the door open on its creaking, rusty hinges, and finding themselves within another subterranean passage, they followed it, and finally came to the castle cellar.

It was a vast, vaulted place, with arches and columns of masonry, all illuminated by numberless lanterns fastened to the walls, which were constantly kept burning.

At one end of the place a broad flight of stone steps led up into the tremendous prison-like castle, a dungeon of which this cellar had once been, and fastened to the walls all around they saw numberless heavy, rusted chains, with shackles attached to them.

At one side of the place were stacked innumerable boxes, bales, casks, and bundles containing magnificent silverware, ornaments, laces, silks, and other priceless booty stolen by the pirates from hundreds of luckless ships at the price of many human lives.

On the other side a massive iron door was set in the wall leading into a small apartment, in which stood several iron-bound chests of oak that contained a fortune of millions in diamonds, rubies, sapphires, garnets, and the rarest golden jewelry and plate amassed by the pirates.

In each corner of the room paced an armed sentry, at the foot of the stair was another guard, and directly in front of the door of the treasure chamber was still another guard.

Six vigilant Moors in all, and every one under the death penalty if the most valueless trifle was stolen from the room.

To overcome these big, strong and desperate men Jack had come with his companion, clad in their metallic suits, and scarcely armed with weapons enough, apparently, to overcome half the number.

Yet the young wizard of Wrightstown was confident of success, for he made no secret of his approach to the vault.

They stepped boldly out into the middle of the place, causing the sentries to utter ejaculations of the most intense surprise.

The next moment every one of the guards had their carbines aimed at the two intrepid adventurers, and their fingers upon the triggers ready to fire upon them upon the slightest provocation.

Jack and his companion never winced, however.

CHAPTER X.

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

For a moment a deathly silence reigned in the vault, then Jack raised his hand and exclaimed in Spanish:

"Dare to fire at the peril of your lives!"

The Moors evidently understood him, for they hesitated. A moment after Jack spoke, however, their commanding officer cried:

"They are human; evidently thieves. Shoot them down!"

Every carbine was discharged at the same moment.

A rain of bullets struck the metallic suits, but failed to penetrate them.

The pirates looked more surprised when they saw what little effect their shots had upon the two queer-looking invaders, and thoughts of their being supernatural bodies flashed across their minds.

The Moors are superstitious people.

"Alarm the outside guards!" exclaimed the leader, in Moorish.

One of the men at the staircase started to comply, when Jack divined his intention, and shouted angrily in Spanish:

"Halt, or you are a dead man!"

The Moor refused to comply.

Jack thereupon flung a small hand grenade after him, and it struck the wall without the least noise, and broke.

It was filled with a compressed gas containing a stupefying drug, and the moment it was released it expanded.

The flying Moor inhaled the fumes, and pausing when half way to the top of the stairs, he flung up his arms and fell.

Down he rolled to the bottom of the staircase unconscious.

The strange gas filled every nook and crevice of the vault rapidly, and the other terrified guards breathed it unconsciously, and one by one fell to the floor overwhelmed as the first one had been.

"Hurrah!" chuckled Jack gleefully. "There's an invention for you! The place is ours, Snap, and now we can break into yonder vault."

"Hold on! Some one's coming! Don't you hear the pounding of their footfalls and the echo of their voices?" exclaimed the jockey.

"You are right, but I'm ready for them, my boy!" said Jack smilingly. "Isn't that staircase the only way they can get down here?"

"Yes," assented Snap.

"Then I'll hold them in check."

Jack darted over to the foot of the stairs, upon which he poured the contents of a small box, consisting of a fine gray powder.

Neither he nor Snap was affected by the fumes of the gas, as they were breathing the air in their knapsacks.

The noise of voices and footsteps drew nearer each moment, and then a gang of the pirates, alarmed at the carbine shots, appeared at the top of the staircase, and came rushing down.

Jack ignited the powder which he had spread upon the stairs.

There came a fearful puff and flare-up of fire and smoke, accompanied by a hiss like the escape of steam on a locomotive.

The pirates recoiled, coughing and choking, gasping and terrified, and as the electric lights gleamed through the smoke from the crowns of the divers' hats, they looked like two demons of another world striding in the midst of the infernal regions.

Upon seeing that he held his enemies at abeyance, Jack shouted:

"Come, Snap, quick! They can't get at us now. Help me to get this door open."

Leaping over the prostrate bodies of the guards, they reached the iron door of the treasure chamber, and found that it was secured by several huge padlocks.

Again Jack brought his acid into requisition.

Within a few minutes it ate its way through the thick bars, and the door swung open, revealing the wonderful treasure boxes within.

None of the strong boxes were fastened, and as Jack lifted the lid of one and opened a canvas bag a blinding flash from the rare gems in it almost took his breath away.

"It's a king's ransom!" he gasped. "Millions! Millions, Snap!"

"Lord, what a sight! I've seen them before, though, you know."

"How many boxes are there?"

"Ten."

"Heavy?"

"Very, as they are most all iron."

"Can't we carry them down to the boat?"

"Perhaps. We can try, anyway."

"Such a chance as this we may never get again."

"Then don't miss it on your life, Jack."

The boxes weighed about two hundred pounds apiece, and they grasped the richest first, to make sure of it, and carried it down to the water.

"How long will that fire burn on the stairs?" panted Snap.

"Half an hour. The fumes will last another half hour," replied Jack.

"Then let's lose no time getting the rest of the boxes."

"Wait! I'll get Tim and Fritz to help us."

The old sailor and the Dutch boy gladly went up with them, and down came two more boxes aboard of the Turtle.

A second trip was made, and they secured five of the richest boxes.

The rest consisted of jewelry and plate.

Just as they were going up for it, however, the sound of oars reached their ears, and glancing over the water they beheld several large boats filled with scores of the pirates pulling toward them!

Finding that they could not pass the fiery and smoky barrier, they surmised that Jack and his friends had come in by the cavern way, and had come around to attack them in the rear.

"All aboard!" shouted the young inventor. "We won't have time to go back for the rest of the treasure. Here come the pirates."

Jack turned the Turtle around and shot the glare of the searchlight upon the approaching boats.

There were a dozen of them.

"Dey vhas too lade!" chuckled Fritz.

"We have got to pass them to get out, though," said Jack.

"Aye, but ain't thar deep enough water here to go under 'em?" asked Tim.

"I think not," said Snap. "The channel is very shallow."

"Oh, we won't have any trouble, I think," exclaimed Jack. "Watch them."

He turned the lever that graded the speed and put on full power.

Ahead shot the Turtle with the velocity of a lightning express train, and in a moment more it crashed among the row-boats, smashing them to pieces, cut a clear passage between them, and spilled, maimed and killed a great many of the pirates.

But just as they neared the exit to the sea Jack caught sight of a crowd of them preparing to hurl some immense boulders down upon them, and brought the boat to a pause.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, pointing up at them.

"Lord save us!" gasped Tim in alarm. "That's dangerous!"

"And the water is so clear here that if we go beneath it they can see the boat passing them," said Jack. "If it wasn't so shallow the rocks descending from that great height couldn't do us much harm. But we would only be in twenty feet of water, and the force of those falling boulders would carry them through our vessel."

Jack began to turn over all sorts of plans in his mind, but he did not have much time to do even this, for the yelling pirates, having seen them bring their boat to a pause, had begun to run toward them with the intention of letting the boulders fall as soon as possible.

"There is only one chance for us," said Jack.

"Vot is dot?" demanded Fritz eagerly.

"Do as the cuttlefish does," replied the boy. "In order to hide its escape it always blackens the water with some dark liquid it carries concealed in its body. We can try the experiment of stirring up the mud at the bottom of the channel with bombs."

Several of the missiles were procured and flung down in the water, exploding at the bottom of the channel.

The result was just as Jack had expected.

The water became greatly discolored, and he at once sent the Turtle plunging beneath the surface.

Down she went, her lights extinguished, and disappeared from the view of the pirates upon the bluffs.

She ran the risk of striking either side of the passage in that dull darkness, for Jack could not see which way to steer, but she went ahead, and the pirates up on the rocks, with cries of chagrin, let the boulders come crashing down into the stream like thunderbolts.

CHAPTER XI.

A FORTUNE WORTH MILLIONS.

Bombarded by several of the rocks, the submarine boat shot ahead, the missiles thundering upon its outer shell, every blow making the inmates jump and wonder if the rocks were coming through.

Fortunately, no damage was yet done, for they had escaped the largest stones, and those that did strike merely glanced along the sides and slipped off into the water immediately.

Had one large boulder come crashing down squarely on top of the boat it would have smashed a hole through the hull and let the water in, causing the loss of the Turtle, and perhaps the lives of its crew as well.

They ran along under water a couple of miles from land before venturing to ascend to the surface, and then saw that the pirates were swarming upon the heights in great numbers.

"I will give them a parting shot!" exclaimed Jack grimly, "to pay them off for the trouble they just caused us."

"Wat's ter be done, lad?" asked Tim, stumping over to the windows, opening them and peering out with his good eye.

"I'm going to blow their castle to pieces. Before we leave the neighborhood of this island it shall be useless as a retreat for the pirates, so that all we will then have to do will be to scour the seas in quest for them, and sink their ships." Then he sent at castle.

The projectile screamed through the air, made a semi-circle, and struck the top of the cliff on which the big castle stood.

The crew of the Turtle saw what looked like a locomotive snow plough cutting through a deep, dark snowdrift.

A tremendous mass of debris was swept across the top of the isle in a large cloud, and fell into the sea on the other side, fully five miles to the northward.

The spot which had been occupied by the castle was now an immense groove split through the top of Cabrera Island.

But the castle was gone!

A satisfied look overspread Jack's face.

"That ends it!" he exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath.

"Bravo!" yelled Snap. "Those shells of yours are the best hurdle jumpers I ever saw, Jack. The only fault the pirates can find with them, though, is that they hit the top rail with their hoofs as they jump over."

"Apprised of our power over them, the pirates will learn to fear us now," complacently answered the boy. "But they have got many brethren upon the sea, and it's our duty to hunt them down. The fellows on Cabrera are now helpless, for we have cut their talons and pulled their fangs out with our gun."

"Wot's ther new course, sir?" queried Tim.

"Back to Tripoli; I want to learn the news there."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Jack left the wheel in Tim's hands, and the Turtle put the pirates' island astern and started, while the boy went into the storeroom with Fritz to examine the treasure.

The strong boxes stood against the bulkhead in a row, and the Dutch boy flung up the lids.

A flush of joy overspread Jack's face as he examined the first one.

It was packed full of canvas bags, each one filled with diamonds of different grades of whiteness and purity, and other precious stones.

It must have cost many a hard-fought battle, the sacrifice of hundreds of lives, the saving of years and the careful watchfulness of a Sphinx to have accumulated them.

Jack separated the diamonds from the rest of the stones, and finding that there were twenty bags of these alone, weighing about a pound apiece, he turned to Fritz and said:

"There are about twenty pounds of diamonds alone here."

The jewels afforded our friends no end of amusement after that as they continued on toward the African coast.

At this time Commodore Preble had opened a heavy bombardment upon the Bashaw of Tripoli's town, castle, shore batteries and flotilla of gunboats no less than on four different occasions.

In the last of these engagements Lieutenant Decatur was in command of a gunboat, and laying alongside of the largest of the Tripolitan vessels, he boarded her and made her a prize.

He next boarded another, where he had a terrible personal encounter with its powerful, black-skinned captain.

The struggle was brief but fearful.

The brave lieutenant slipped in a pool of blood and fell when the Tripolitan planted a foot upon his breast and raised his cutlass to split Decatur's head in two.

One of the brave Yankee sailors named Reuben James interposed his body between the uprised cutlass and his fallen commander, and a huge black with a long dirk fell on his

knees beside Decatur to stab him, when the lieutenant shot him in the throat with a pistol.

Reuben James had his right arm in a sling from a wound.

Down came the captain's curved cutlass, striking his body, and he fell dead, just as his commander, who had time to rise now, did so and killed his fearful antagonist.

The pirate vessel was then captured.

Preble then entered the harbor with his flagship, the Constitution, and with her guns opened a heavy fire upon the town, the castle, the batteries on shore, and the camp of twenty-five thousand land troops, and the flotilla in the harbor.

She silenced the Tripolitan guns, sunk a Tunisian vessel of war, damaged a Spanish pirate, severely bruised the enemy's galleys and gunboats, and then withdrew without a man hurt.

Such of the vessels as could escape made haste to do so, and it was just as they came swarming out of the harbor that the sea parted and up from the depths in the midst of them came the turtle, with Jack at the wheel and the gun ready for action.

The boy never before had a better chance to aid the American navy and carry out his own private purposes.

CHAPTER XII.

HELPING THE U. S. NAVY.

Just as the turtle came to the surface half a dozen of the fugitive vessels parted right and left and fled in all directions, pursued by the Constitution, on the deck of which stood the commodore.

He saw Jack's vessel through his binocular from the fore-shrouds, into which he had swung himself to get a view of the flying ships, while the old frigate was opening up the headland.

Driving his vessel after the furthest ship from the man-of-war Jack plunged the turtle's gaping jaws upon its rudder and with one wrench he tore it off.

As the vessel came up in the wind the turtle drove headlong after the next furthest ship, and treated it likewise.

All the piratical vessels now saw what caused the trouble, and aiming their guns at the turtle they prepared to blow it to pieces.

Warned of his danger by Tim, the boy plunged the turtle under the sea, and vanished just as two broadsides were vainly fired at him.

Up he bobbed again, however, entirely uninjured by any of the screaming shots, direct astern of another ship.

He shot a torpedo in its hull and blew it up.

The pirates never knew what caused the explosion.

By the time Jack got his vessel to the surface again, he saw the fastest ship in the fleet rapidly escaping, and as the frigate had now commenced a bombardment upon the ones he had rendered helpless he resolved to pursue the fugitive.

It was a long, low, rakish, black schooner, spreading a vast sail area, and being furnished with steam power to aid its sails. It was making fifteen knots, and bid fair to soon outstrip the frigate.

Away shot Jack's boat after it, half submerged.

The boy leveled a glass at the fleeing schooner, and after a long and earnest survey he suddenly gave a violent start.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Here is a surprise, boys."

"Vot's der matter?" asked Fritz.

"Gulab Akka and Leo Reynard are on that schooner."

"Jerusalem the golden!" ejaculated Snap in surprise.

Tim and Fritz were equally amazed, and the old sailor said: "It can't be. Yer must be mistaken."

"No, no! Here, take the glass and look for yourselves."

Tim and Fritz complied, and they saw that Jack was right.

"Ther lubbers is a-watchin' ther turtle through their binoculars," said Tim, "an' I reckon as how they'll try to pound us wi' their guns werry soon if we ain't keerful."

"We had better sink our boat, then," said Jack.

"Aye, for by thunder, they're aiming at us now."

Down went the boat beneath the waves a moment before one of the pirates' guns roared out, and a screaming shot struck the spot which the turtle had just evacuated.

Had they remained there a minute longer the destruction of the submarine boat would have been complete.

"Our safety ain't even assured here," said Jack, as he started the electric lights aglow. "I'm going down one hundred feet. Those villains know we are following them under water, and may gauge their shots at the surface so that they may hit us at random."

It was a wise forethought, and he followed it, for Gulab Akka had proceeded to do just what Jack was afraid of.

Having attained the desired depth, Jack moved his boat off in a circle, and running ahead at full speed he finally brought the turtle up near the surface again.

"Tim, raise the camera," he exclaimed.

Up shot the tube above the surface of the water, and Jack glanced down at the table-top and saw the schooner reflected.

She was off to the port side about a quarter of a mile away.

The turtle was aimed for the schooner, and went swiftly toward it, when suddenly Snap uttered a startled cry.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack, with a start.

"Look at the board! Some one has fallen—no, sprang overboard from the pirates' ship," replied Snap excitedly.

"Who was it?"

Jack saw the reflection of a body in the water, and studying it closely, he suddenly exclaimed in amazed tones:

"Why, as I live, it's a girl, and she's swimming like a duck."

"Aye, shiver me if ther schooner ain't hauled to, besides," said Tim.

"Und den vhas lowering a poat," added Fritz.

Jack soon saw, on a nearer approach, that the young girl was an expert swimmer, and was going away from the pirates' schooner, instead of trying to get back to it in safety.

One of the quarter boats was lowered, as the vessel came up into the wind, four Turkish sailors manned it, Gulab Akka got in, and they began to row after the fleeing girl.

It therefore became very evident that the girl was trying to make her escape from them, and had leaped overboard.

"She must have been a prisoner who preferred risking death to remaining in the pirates' hands," said Jack, reflectively.

"Poor leetle gal," said Tim pityingly. "She's a snug lookin' young craft, an' 'pears to me like an American lass, too."

"We will go to the surface and save her!" said Jack decisively. "Here, Tim, take the wheel while I don a suit and go outside to lend her a helping hand, old fellow. As soon as we get up to her, stop the boat so I can aid her."

Jack hurried aft, put on a diving costume, and made his way up on deck by means of the trap door on top.

The old sailor sent the boat toward the surface, and drew in the camera tube, as they had no more use for it.

When the boat reached the surface Gulab Akka saw it and turned deathly pale, but did not pause.

The girl was midway between the rowboat and the turtle, and the moment she saw what she thought was a monster of the sea she gave a cry of alarm and turned to swim in another direction.

Jack understood the cause of her alarm at once.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Don't be afraid."

She glanced at him in amazement, and the four sailors looking around started and looked alarmed, ceased rowing, and began to talk in their own language excitedly.

The crew of the pirate now beheld the submarine boat, and Jack observed them pointing a gun at the turtle.

They dared not fire it, however, for fear of hitting their friends.

"Keep quiet," cried Jack. "I will save you."

"You are human, then?" she gasped.

"I'm in a diving suit, and this is a submarine boat."

"Ah!" she gasped. "I'm exhausted. Save me."

Jack went down the side of the deck on the steps, and saw that the pirates' quarter-boat was only a few yards away.

Gulab Akka stood up in the stern with a pistol in his hand, and took deliberate aim at the swimming girl.

"I shall foil you by killing her!" he yelled.

Before he could fire the fatal shot Jack sent a ball from one of his electric pistols at the boat, without the least sound.

The shot struck the gunwale and noiselessly exploded.

A shower of broken wood flew up in the air.

The boat was entirely destroyed, and the crew were most all wounded, wondering what caused the sudden catastrophe.

A moment later Jack reached over and drew the tired girl up from the water upon the deck of the turtle.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMERICAN GIRL WAIF.

As soon as Jack rescued the girl from the water, Tim flung up one of the windows and said to Jack:

"Why don't yer get yer grapnels on them 'ere lubbers in ther water?"

"I will," replied the boy. "If we can capture them, their friends on the schooner will be in our power, for they won't venture to fire at us for fear of killing their friends."

"I am thankful that you saved me," gasped the girl, whom Jack saw was a pretty creature in a handsome dress. "Had you not come to my aid so opportunely I would have drowned."

She was about seventeen years old, and although pale and forlorn, her large blue eyes snapped with fire, and the nostrils of her pointed nose, were dilated with spirit.

"Go inside through the window," said Jack hastily. "If you want us to assure your salvation from these ruffians, let me devote my attention to them for a few moments, miss."

The frightened girl was only too glad to get under shelter, as her drenched clothing was far from comfortable, and she obeyed him.

The moment he was alone Jack cried to Tim:

"Send the boat toward them now, old fellow."

"Aye, aye, sir! Fritz, yer Dutch lubber, go out and help him."

Away went the turtle a moment later, and out came Fritz.

The moment they got in the midst of the struggling men Jack caught Gulab Akka by his black hair and pulled him out of the water upon the deck.

The Moor repaid this kindness by pulling a dagger out of his belt and aiming a blow at Jack's heart with it.

If the boy did not have on the suit of mail, the keen point would have pierced his heart; as it was, the metal resisted the blow, and the blade snapped in two.

Maddened at the treachery of his foe, Jack dealt him a punch that knocked him spinning across the deck, upon which he fell prone.

"Coward!" cried the boy, his dark eyes blazing with fury. "I'll teach you to try and assassinate me!"

"Oh!" yelled the pirate, raising himself upon his elbow, and glaring balefully at the boy. "That blow can only be wiped out with your life. I shall pay you for it in due time!"

"I doubt if you will have the chance, as I may hang you!" retorted Jack, springing toward him. "Fritz, tie him up."

Akka made an attempt to scramble to his feet and resist them, but the Dutch boy jumped on him, clutched him by the throat, and pinned him firmly to the deck.

He struggled fiercely to get away, but the moment Jack got his hands upon the rascal they overpowered him.

Fritz procured some pieces of marline, and they tied him hand and foot, and carried him inside.

When Jack came out again he was dragging a long, thick wire after him, and upon reaching the deck, he cried to the Turks, who were swimming around the boat:

"Here, you fellows, make fast to this line, and we will pull you up out of the water."

The sailors by this time were getting exhausted, and were glad to get help, for their shipmates, upon seeing them fall into Jack's hands had turned away and sped off, leaving them to their fate in the Yankee's hands.

Heaving the wire overboard, Jack saw them all eagerly grasp it, and the minute they got hold, the boy cried:

"Now, Tim, turn on the electricity."

A current filled the wire, and the hands of the Turks closed tightly upon it, and they began to yell as they felt the sensation of thousands of pricking needles flying through them in waves.

Spasmodically struggling and writhing, all their efforts to let go the live wire were fruitless, and Fritz wound the wire in on a windlass.

When they got up on the deck they were howling for Allah, swearing at Jack, and dancing a Turkish break-down for the electric current shout out of their bare feet into the metallic deck, making a sort of lightning rod of them, and increased their agony tenfold.

Up and down they capered, hanging onto the wire like grim death, and with a grin on his face Jack went from one to the other with pieces of marline, and tied their ankles together.

He next pinioned their arms, and Fritz shut off the current, when their agony instantly ceased, and they began to dolefully bewail the misfortune which flung them at the mercy of a person endowed with such devilish power as Jack seemed to possess.

Confining them in the storeroom with Gulab Akka, the boy returned to the pilot house, and there found the young girl enveloped in a long ulster which reached to her heels.

She had been furnished with this garment by Tim, who had given her the privacy of the dining-room in which to

take off her wet clothing, which Fritz had set to drying at his electric stove.

"You seemed to have been escaping from the pirates, miss?" said Jack, after instructing Tim to pursue the schooner.

"I was a prisoner of theirs," replied the girl sadly, "and having been driven to desperation by the persecutions of Gulab Akka, who fell in love and wanted me to promise to marry him, I sprang overboard at the first chance. Having seen a warship a great ways off, and being an expert swimmer, I was in hopes of reaching the frigate. But my flight was discovered as soon as I got in the sea, and I was pursued, as you witnessed."

"You are unfortunate."

"Very," she replied, as tears gathered in her eyes. "My name is Emily Randolph, and my mother is dead. I boarded in New York during my father's voyages to Italy as captain of the packet ship Victor Emanuel. On his last trip he offered to take me with him. We reached this sea in safety a few days ago, but had scarcely reached the Spanish Main when yonder schooner attacked us, murdered the crew, including my father, took me prisoner, rifled the ship and scuttled her. Since then I have been kept a prisoner on their vessel, which is called the Black Hawk, and during that time I have been subjected to the persecutions of its commander."

"You are anxious to get back to civilization, then?"

"Exceedingly so," she assented. "See the plight I am in with no clothing, situated as I am. It is too bad—too bad."

Her tears started afresh.

"Don't you worry," said Jack kindly. "You are in safe hands here."

Jack had assumed control of the boat, and having explained to Emily its capabilities under water, he prevented her getting frightened.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TURTLE CHANGES HANDS.

In the meantime the piratical schooner had disappeared.

As nothing was found of the pirates' vessel, Jack resolved to return to the American squadron and get some points again as to the location of the rest of Gulab Akka's fleet, and put the pirate chief and captain in the hands of Commodore Preble.

"I will bring that Moor to the bar of justice," said the boy. "It is owing to his machinations that so much piracy exists in these waters, and if he is put out of the way it may receive its deathblow."

With this resolution he turned the Turtle toward Tripoli for the last time, and set off through a dark, stormy sea.

On this same night Preble had made another attack upon the city, after having blown the piratical vessels out of the sea.

There were a number of these pirate ships yet in the port under the protection of the Bashaw's guns, and the commodore made up his mind to demolish them, although he could only do it by strategy.

Captain Somers, a gallant officer, volunteered to get rid of them, and having procured a small vessel, it was converted into a floating mine.

It was an immense torpedo, for one hundred barrels of gunpowder were stowed away below her decks, and a large quantity of shot, shell, and irregular pieces of iron were laid over the barrels.

Having everything in readiness, the crews of two quarter-boats made hawsers fast to her, and under cover of the darkness she was towed into the bay to scatter death and destruction among the pirates' fleet.

The brave crews were expected to escape in the boats after firing combustibles on board the powder laden craft, and all hearts on board of the American squadron followed the volunteers as they vanished in the gloom.

An interval of darkness and silence followed their departure.

Suddenly a lurid flame, like that from a volcano, shot up from the bosom of the harbor, and lighted with its horrid glare the town, castle, batteries, ships, camps and surrounding hills.

It was followed by an explosion that shook the earth and sea, and flaming masts and sails and fiery bombs rained

upon the water for a moment, then darkness more profound settled down.

The safety boats were anxiously watched for until the dawn.

They never returned, and no man of that perilous expedition was ever heard of afterward.

It was while Preble was anxiously awaiting the return of the two boats that the Turtle, blazing with electric lights, appeared.

The boy inventor hailed the watch of the Constitution, and running alongside of the frigate, Jack ascended an accommodation ladder to the deck.

He was met at the gangway by the commander in person, who warmly shook him by the hand, personally thanked him for the service he had rendered in putting the pirate ships at his mercy, and asked the news.

"I have captured the chief of the pirates," said Jack.

"Impossible!" gasped the startled commodore. "Impossible!"

"Shall I fetch him aboard so you can see for yourself, sir?"

"Pardon me. I meant no offense. I was so surprised, you know."

"Commodore," said Jack, "my letter of marque empowers me to act at my own discretion about the pirate. I shall, however, take great pleasure in handing him over to you for execution after courtmartialing him."

"I shall hang him at my yard-arm," said Preble. "But not now. To-morrow will do. I am too anxious about my boats at present."

"Boats?" queried Jack in perplexity.

"Excuse me. I forgot you did not know. Let me explain the situation."

He thereupon put Jack in possession of the news.

The boy then took his leave, returned to the Turtle, and going aboard, he explained how matters stood to his friends and turned in, after the boat had been anchored among the American fleet for the night.

Fritz and Snap were on watch.

Towards midnight one of the Turks unfastened Gulab Akka's bonds with his teeth, and the pirate released his four friends.

They found plenty of arms in the storeroom, and as the door was not fastened they crept out of the room as stealthy and quiet as shadows.

Each one had his instructions.

Tim, Jack and Emily were bound while they slept.

They awakened and shouted an alarm, but it came too late, for the pirates had attacked Fritz and Snap in a body and overcame them.

The Turtle was in Gulab Akka's hands.

CHAPTER XV.

HELPLESS, YET TRIUMPHANT.

The consternation of our friends knew no bounds when they found themselves in the hands of their enemies, while the pirates were equally as jubilant over their success.

Gulab Akka gazed around the boat with an air of the most intense satisfaction delineated upon his dusky face, and assuming a diabolical grin, he turned to Jack with:

"The boat, at last, is mine!"

"Aye, you have the upper hand of me and no mistake," ruefully replied the boy, as he glared at his enemy.

"I know all about running the boat, too, as you may recollect having shown me every detail in Wrightstown Bay at the time you blew up my ship, the Dragon Fly."

"I am sorry to admit that I remember the circumstance well."

"What a capital craft this is going to make for me to blow up the American fleet," continued Gulab, with a grin. Jack turned pale.

He had been expecting to hear something of this sort.

"Do you mean to do that?" he demanded uneasily.

"Aye!" said Gulab Akka, a fierce look sweeping over his face, "and you shall be the first shot I shall fire from the gas gun into the American man-of-war."

"Me?" faltered Jack, his alarm increasing.

"Of course," assented the pirate. "You! Don't you think I have heard you attacked Cabrera Island with your gun, sank six of my ships, killed many of my people, captured most of my most valuable treasure, which you have got

stowed in that room aft, and now have materially aided the American squadron to blow many more of my vessels out of the water? Oh, I overheard your talk about the different events, and I shall pay you off well for the mischief you have created."

"Indeed!" said Jack. "Well, there's no use denying it, since we have let the cat out of the bag and fallen into your power."

"I should say not," retorted Gulab Akka furiously, "for I have moreover seen five of my most priceless treasure chests in your storeroom. The wonder to me is that you managed to penetrate to my vaults with so many of my people on the isle, and get away with these five boxes."

"Oh, I can do almost anything," said Jack coolly.

"You can, eh?" sneered Gulab Akka. "Well, I'll tell you what you can't do, and that is to save your life now, for as soon as I get this boat away from here I am going to kill you."

"I doubt it," was Jack's cool reply.

He was not daunted a bit by his dangerous predicament. Gulab Akka uttered a snort and walked away.

Having left two of his men to guard the prisoners with drawn revolvers, he went to the wheel with the other two, and critically examined the levers upon the circular table.

"Do you think you can work the boat?" asked one of the Turks.

"Yes; but not to such advantage that I dare trust myself to attack the ships yet," replied Gulab Akka. "I wish first to learn the use of these levers thoroughly before I venture to do as much as that. Our first care must be to get away."

"True," responded the other Turk, "for the boy has told the commodore of the Constitution that he has us on board, and to-morrow was to have given us over to him for execution."

"We have fortunately baffled that design," said the pirate, as he pushed the lever to start the boat and grasped the wheel, "and I have a fair knowledge of how to work this craft and will soon bring you away from this dangerous spot. We will turn the tables by killing Jack Wright and his friends."

The Turtle began moving through the water, and a thrill of joy passed over the pirate to see that he could work it.

He set his men on watch with Jack's night-glasses.

Had this not been done he might in the dense gloom have run down one of the ships of the squadron.

As it was, he avoided a dangerous collision by getting a timely warning from his men, steered the Turtle clear of the ship and sent her out upon the Mediterranean.

Here he increased her speed and began to experiment with the levers to get himself thoroughly acquainted with the manner of working the boat.

His men were sent about to the various chambers to keep watch of the different effects produced.

"If you monkey with that machine much longer," said Jack warningly, "you will get us all in trouble."

Once more he essayed a trial, and this time filled the boat with water, sending it plunging down toward the sea bottom.

His men became frightened and began to yell, and the rapidity of their descent sickened and made them dizzy, but he hastily brought the boat to a standstill by turning the lever back.

This, however, did not bring the boat to the surface.

A frightened look then overspread his face, and observing he was frightened, quick-witted Jack shouted:

"Don't touch any more levers, or you may send the boat clear to the bottom, when the weight of the water will crush it!"

"How shall I bring it to the surface again, then?" blankly asked the pirate, staring around out the window at the curious marine wonders spread before his view.

"That's where I've got you!" triumphantly said Jack.

The Moor glanced uneasily at the table, and shifted his eyes to Jack's smiling countenance, with a most hopeless, dejected air.

He was completely at Jack's mercy, and he knew it.

The thought fairly maddened him, and he rushed at the boy with a dagger in his hand, and fairly trembling with passion he clutched the young inventor by the throat with one hand, and brandishing the blade threateningly over the boy with the other, he cried:

"Tell me how to bring the boat to the surface, curse you, or by the Arch Demon I'll bury this blade in your heart!"

Jack gave a scornful laugh.

"Stab!" said he pluckily. "I can't resist you; but you know what the consequence of such an act will be to yourself."

"What do you mean?" ferociously growled the pirate, his dark eyes ablaze, his form trembling, and the veins starting out upon his dark visage like whipcords.

"I mean simply this," replied Jack, never for an instant losing his nerve. "If you kill me, you will simply sign your own death warrant! Without my instructions you can never again get to the surface of the sea, but will perish down here like rats in a trap, to die a lingering death of starvation and want of fresh air!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHOWER OF FIERY GLOBULES.

Gulab Akka did not know what answer to make Jack for a moment, but after a moment's reflection an idea occurred to him.

"Since your friends have been with you so long," said he, "they must know how to manage this boat, and they shall tell me."

"They don't know anything about it," replied Jack coolly, "and, even if they did, they would not tell you and spoil our chances."

"Wait. You shall see. I'll torture you—wring a confession from you."

"Begin at once," replied Jack coolly. "You won't succeed. We are all people of mettle. You have had proof of that."

"I will find a means of subduing you."

He ordered the four Turks to tie them to the posts in the room, and went into the dining-room with his friends.

Left alone, the five prisoners maintained silence for some time, but upon seeing what a despondent mood they were getting in, Jack said:

Just look at that monkey perched upon the back of that chair, boys. Do you notice how much he resembled those Turks?"

"Poor lubber," said Tim, "he's much happier'n we is, ain't yer, Whiskers?"

The little red monkey chattered upon hearing himself addressed, and hopping down from the chair, he skipped across the room to Tim, glanced up in his face with sharp, twinkling eyes, and then shinned up Tim's wooden leg, climbed his body and sat on his shoulders.

It was a habit Whiskers had, and it suggested an idea to Jack.

"Say, Tim," said he in low, intense tones, "didn't you teach your pet several sailor tricks at knotting, splicing and so on?"

"Aye, sir!" answered the old sailor.

"Then, by Jove, why don't you get him to unfasten your bonds?"

"Gol durn my figger head!" ejaculated Tim. "Why didn't I think o' that myself?"

"Can dot monkey do dot?" eagerly questioned Fritz.

"I dunno," doubtfully replied Tim. "I've taught ther critter a good many tricks wot he knows by their names, as he's an apt lubber an' quickly imitates any simple thing I show him. I'll try him."

"He may save our lives if he obeys you," said Emily earnestly.

"Whiskers," said Tim, turning his face towards his pet, "get down!"

The monkey chattered, and began to climb down Tim's body backward.

Tim narrowly watched him with his good eye till he reached the rope that was bound around his arms, pinching him to the post.

Then he exclaimed:

"Haul to!"

Whiskers paused and looked up at him.

"Unbend that running bow-line knot!" continued Tim.

The monkey understood him, apparently, for it began to finger the rope encircling Tim's body, and the old sailor energetically shook his head, and said:

"Aye, aye! That's it, lad! Heave ahead—heave ahead!"

Whiskers began to chatter, but did not move.

"Gosh hang yer, undo ther bow-line!" angrily whispered Tim, with such a frown at his pet that Whiskers got scared and was going to drop to the floor and scamper away in

fear of a rope's ending, when Tim stopped him by saying in heedling tones:

"Good Whiskers! Billy Whiskers! Thar—thar—that's ther swab! Now, then, yer ring-tailed son of a gun, unfasten ther bow-line!"

Whiskers deftly unfastened the knot, but there were several turns of the rope around Tim's body yet.

"Avast!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Down shot the monkey, startled, and away he hopped to his chair.

The lines held Tim tightly, but by dint of wriggling and shaking himself he managed to get the line from his body.

He next quietly hopped over to Jack, as his legs were bound together, turned his back, held up his bound wrists, and whispered:

"Chaw open that 'ere knot, an' in one minute you'll be free!"

Every one kept their glances fastened upon the door leading into the dining-room, fearfully expecting to see Gulab Akka pop in upon them and frustrate their escape.

Jack seized the knot with his teeth, and began his task.

It was a common knot, strongly tied, but by dint of perseverance he finally managed to loosen it, and Tim worked himself free.

He hastily unfastened his legs, and seizing a ship's ax from a rack, he used it as a knife, and cut Jack free.

To liberate the others was then but the work of a minute, and the moment this was done Jack quietly sent his friends down into the gun room.

He then connected several wires with the metal work in several parts of the room, and stationing himself near the lever table, he sang out:

"Gulab Akka!"

"What do you want?" growled the pirate, opening the door.

"Come in here. We have escaped, you fool!" laughed Jack.

With a startled cry, Gulab Akka sprang into the room, and at one glance he saw that all his prisoners but Jack had vanished.

"What the mischief does this mean?" he roared frantically.

His four men came hurrying in after him greatly amazed, and began jabbering excitedly in their own language.

"It simply means that we are free," replied Jack; "and we have turned the tables on you."

"Never—I tell you——"

"Hush! Don't rave. Fall down on your knees, every one of you!"

"What for?"

"Refuse and you die!"

"Bah! You are unarmed!"

"Make no mistake, Gulab Akka, or you perish."

"Men, fire upon him!" said the Moor to the Turks.

They raised their revolvers, but before they could discharge them Jack pressed one of the electrical buttons on the table.

The batteries were put in communication with all the metallic parts of the room, and there ensued a crackling and snapping noise, and balls of bluish green fire began to fly out across the room from the points of electric circuit breaks.

One of these flames touched one of the Turks, and he fell to the floor yelling with a sensation as if a thousand needles had been fired into his nerves by a powerful gun.

Then Gulab Akka received a shock.

Hundreds of these fire balls were flying in all directions, through the pilot house, going from the positive to the negative poles of opposite batteries arranged by broken circuits like the carbon arrangement of electric lights.

Having had a trial of it, Gulab Akka was satisfied that he was no match for Jack, and he yelled frantically to his three other men, who were trying to dodge the fire balls:

"Fall to the floor! Fall to the floor for your lives."

"Surrender!"

"We do! For pity's sake stop that electricity!"

"Fritz, come and tie these men up."

Up came Fritz, and Jack stopped the electricity.

They then made the pirates fast to the posts they had occupied, and Jack sent his boat to the surface.

It was almost daylight, and in the far distance he saw the American Squadron lying off Tripoli awaiting yet the return of the brave sailors who perished in the explosion.

"We will go back and put these villains in the hands of

Commodore Preble," said Jack. "By noon they will all be dead men for the crimes they have committed."

"Spare us," implored Gulab Akka wildly, "and I will give you all the treasures of the pirates in this sea. It is worth millions upon millions! Think of it! With such enormous wealth you would be a billionaire—the richest boy in the whole world!"

A scornful smile crossed Jack's face.

"Were you to offer me a million times that amount," said he haughtily, "I would refuse it. Money can never tempt me to be untrue to my country and the justice of man and God!"

And so saying, he started his boat away.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEATH OF THE PIRATE CHIEF.

The Bashaw of Tripoli struck his flag when day dawned, and the American squadron had subdued the piratical city at a fearful cost, yet the victory was sweet to the conquerors.

Word went flying to the Sultan of Morocco, the Bey of Algiers and the Sultan of Turkey that Tripoli was lost, and those wise and righteous potentates ordered their pirating ships to cease hostilities for the time being, until the war cloud blew over and the Americans were gone.

Preble was relieved by Commodore Samuel Barrow that day, and eventually he returned home to receive the homage of the American nation's gratitude for his service.

Barrow's ships afterward blockaded Tripoli.

The reigning Bashaw was a usurper, had murdered his own father, and had stolen the Government from his brother, Hamet Caramalli.

Land troops attacked the barbarians, and ultimately subdued them.

The boy sent his boat back to the flagship, and having gone aboard, he heard the sad story of the loss of the boat's crews.

It was now evident enough that they had perished.

The commodore was deeply affected, and had tears in his eyes when he greeted Jack and heard the boy's story.

"Gulab Akka is a dangerous man," he said. "He nearly made his escape, eh? I should have put him in irons in my ship. Never mind. Fetch him aboard. He shall get his deserts."

"You will accord him a fair trial, I presume?"

"Decidedly—by court martial."

He thereupon summoned all the officers in the fleet and formed a court martial.

They tried Gulab Akka in due form, and adjudged him guilty of piracy on the high seas, numberless murders in the first degree, and found equally as many indictments against him for various other offenses too heinous to mention.

His four companions were found guilty of complicity.

Then the verdict was rendered that he be hung at once in order to frustrate any escape on his part, as he was accounted a slippery prisoner to hold. His four friends were ordered to be shot.

He heard his doom unmoved.

Not a word escaped his lips, and he watched with extreme interest several of the sailors reeving a noosed rope through a block at the end of a yard-arm.

When asked if he had anything to say, he shook his head, and they then fastened the noose around his neck with the knot behind his left ear.

At a given signal he was jerked up in the air with his arms and legs pinioned, and after a brief struggle he died.

His four companions were bound, blindfolded and stood in a row on the quarter-deck, when a file of marines fired at them, and they, too, expiated their crimes.

Justice had met the rascals.

That was all Jack wished for, and he soon afterwards took leave of the Americans, and returning to his boat, left the squadron to hunt down the rest of the pirates' ships.

It was a beautiful day when the Turtle went bounding over the billows of the blue Mediterranean, and as Jack's friends assembled in the pilot-house, he said:

"We must find the Black Hawk, boys. Leo Reynard is yet at large aboard of her, and we must capture him and his dastardly crew. The Constitution is going to Goat Island alone to capture the pirates we left behind us there."

"Do you know how many of the pirates' ships are left?" asked Snap.

"There are five, now, including the Black Hawk," replied Jack.

"But where dey vhas?" queried Fritz.

"Scattered—nobody knows where."

"Ay, then we'll have ter cruise lookin' for 'em, eh?" queried Tim.

"That's about the size of it."

"I'm glad of it," said Emily, with a smile, "for I like the life you lead on this queer boat, and I hope soon to get ashore and replenish my wardrobe."

"We will go to Barcelona," said Jack.

Accordingly the Turtle was headed across the sea in the direction of Majorca, and when they passed Cabrera that night and sent a shot at it, not a pirate appeared.

"The island is deserted," said Jack. "The pirates must have fled."

On the following morning, when he arose, he saw Fritz at the wheel scanning a distant sail.

"Hello! What's in view now?" asked the boy, approaching.

"A sail about vun league away," replied Fritz.

"Let me have the glass."

Fritz handed it to Jack and the boy took a long and careful survey of the distant sail, studying it intently.

"Fritz," said he, "we are in luck."

"I guess so, somedimes."

"That schooner is the Black Hawk!"

"Put on full power, my boy, and in one hour we will over-haul her," exclaimed Jack gleefully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLACK HAWK.

The schooner was heading for the Spanish coast under a full head of canvas and all the power of her propeller.

In point of speed, however, she was not half as fast as the Turtle when full power was on, and they began to over-haul the pirate perceptibly, when Jack observed with his glass that the pirates saw him.

There were some in the rigging and some astern at the taffrail with glasses to their eyes, keenly watching the coming of the Turtle in their wake.

Within an hour Jack's boat was in hailing distance, and the boy sent the Turtle below the surface and raised the camera.

Fritz loaded the gun with a torpedo, under his direction, and as they drew nearer to the piratical schooner the boy distinguished on the board that the faces of some of the pirates corresponded with those he had seen upon Cabrera Island.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "It is evident enough now that this vessel has been to the pirates' ruined stronghold, for some of the men we saw there are upon her deck and the crew of the Black Hawk must have taken them off to carry them to the main."

"Ay," said Tim, "but as there wuz so many on 'em 'tain't werry likely as they're all aboard o' this craft."

"Of course not; there is only part of them on it. The other boats must have the rest. This craft must be following the others."

"Then if we blows this one up how is we a-goin' ter know whar t'other boats have gone ter?" queried Tim.

"Ah! You think if we let this craft alone it will lead us to the rest?" asked Jack interestedly.

"Jess so," replied Tim, with a nod of assent.

"Well, we can try the experiment. But I had another plan."

"Wot wuz it?"

"To capture the villains and force them to tell us where the other ships are."

"Mine's the easiest way."

"We will follow it. But to prevent accidents separating us from the Black Hawk, I am going to moor the Turtle to the schooner with a hawser. As long as I've got my prey so well in hand now, I don't want to lose it."

He drove the boat under the keel of the schooner, and placing the wheel in Tim's hands, he regulated the speed of the Turtle to accord with that of the pirate, and then went into the storeroom.

Here he put on a diving suit.

Picking up a long, thin wire line, with cup suckers on one end, he went into the compartment leading up on deck, and closed the door carefully. Ascending the stairs, he opened the sea-trap, let in the water which filled the stair compartment, and passed out on deck.

There he saw the keel of the schooner above his head, and he shouted to Tim, who could hear him, as a window in the pilot-house was furnished with an audiphone:

"Raise the Turtle about three feet. I can't reach the keel."

Tim obeyed, and when the submarine boat was up higher the boy fastened the suckers to the keel of the schooner.

They held on as if they were riveted.

"Slacken speed!" was Jack's next order.

While Tim was letting the Turtle fall astern of the schooner Jack made the end of the line fast to a ring bolt on the deck, and began to uncoil the slack.

While this was being done a shark suddenly appeared and shot toward Jack with the speed of lightning.

In order to avoid a collision with the monster, the boy turned and let the coil of wire fall.

The shark vanished without offering to molest the young inventor, but the coils of wire sprang up in the water by their own elasticity, and catching in the propeller blades as it spun around, the line was coiled around the shaft in a moment.

There came a shock to the Turtle, and Jack lost his balance; for in winding the wire around the blades the propeller of the schooner drew the Turtle towards it rapidly.

Over fell the boy, and the next moment he slipped from the deck of his boat and felt himself falling down in the sea.

A gasping cry escaped him as he felt himself shooting down through space, and then it flashed into his mind that he would perish in the deep water if he went all the way to the bottom.

There was only one way to stop his descent, and that was to cast off the leaden weights fastened to his breast and back plates.

It seemed ages before he finally managed to get them off, but he quickly succeeded in doing so, and his descent stopped.

The buoyant air in his knapsack held him up, and as soon as he dropped the weights he felt his body rising to the surface again, like a rocket.

In a moment he reached the top and floated.

The schooner had come to a pause, luffing up into the wind as soon as they found that something impeded the action of the propeller blades, and several of the pirates, among whom was Leo Reynard, had gathered at the taffrail and were peering over, trying to see what the matter was.

They caught sight of Jack the moment his body shot up to the surface of the water, gave a yell, and pointed at him.

"There's one of the crew of the Turtle!" exclaimed Reynard, in French.

"Then their boat must be under our ship," said the mate.

"Doubtless that is what ails our propeller."

"Ah! Then a mine may explode any moment beneath us!"

"We can save ourselves by quick action."

"How?"

"Capture the diver."

"Ah, I see!"

"While we have him on board the men in the submarine boat will not dare to blow up the schooner."

"Good! But how shall we catch him?"

"I'll show you. See—he floats inanimately, as if stunned. Something must have occurred to the fellow," said Reynard.

He seized a boat-hook.

Jack was floating in reach of this long-handled implement, and was not dreaming of being caught with it, when over came the hook, and, lodging in his knapsack tubes, he was pulled along.

The boy had his back turned to the schooner, never thinking of danger, when he was caught, for his mind was harassed with plans to get down to the Turtle again.

Before he could prevent it, he was drawn over to the stern and hoisted up bodily out of the water by several of the pirates.

Half a dozen of them seized him when he reached the deck, and, knocking him down, fell upon him with the intention of making a prisoner of him.

Realizing the importance of capturing Jack, they bent all their strength and energy to the task.

The boy watched them with careless indifference for a moment, and then the men who had hold of him received a terrible shock.

With shouts of pain they were knocked sprawling. "That will teach you to keep your distance," he remarked, in French.

"He has shocked them with electricity," said Reynard.

"Do you want a taste of it, too?" demanded the boy threateningly.

"By no means," hastily answered Reynard, retreating in alarm.

He pulled out a revolver when at a safe distance, and, not knowing how impervious Jack's suit was, he fired at him.

"You shall not play your infernal tricks upon me!" he hissed.

The ball struck the suit, but, of course, did not pierce it.

"Don't waste your ammunition on me," said Jack. "There never was a pistol ball yet that could pierce this suit."

"You are an imp of Satan!" gasped Reynard in astonishment.

"No, there is nothing unnatural about my method," said Jack coolly; "but mark me, my power over you is unquestionable."

"Your power over us?"

"Ay. My boat is below yours. At any moment I can blow you all to pieces. You know this and want to hold me so as to protect yourselves. But you have found out what it is to touch me. Now take warning. I am going to leave you!"

And with a careless laugh Jack dove overboard and disappeared below the stern, where he grasped the deck rail of the Turtle.

He had to hang on tightly, for without his weights the air in the knapsack kept tugging to raise him to the surface.

"Tim!" he yelled.

"Wot?" came the voice of the old sailor from within the boat.

"I've lost my leads. Send Fritz up with new ones for me."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the old sailor.

Jack hung onto the railing until the Dutch boy came up with what he wanted, through the trap in the deck.

As soon as Jack got his weights on he moved about all right, and, assisted by Fritz, he unfastened the wire hawser from around the propeller blades.

The Turtle was then drifted astern of the schooner, and as soon as the pirates found their propeller working all right again they started ahead on their course.

All power was shut off the Turtle, the legs were folded up under the shell and Jack let the pirate tow him along.

This, of course, retarded the schooner's progress, but the pirates did not notice it for quite some time.

They kept up a sharp watch for the underwater boat, but failed to find any trace of it, and their assurance returned, as they imagined it had gone away and left them alone.

They had been harassed by a most uncomfortable feeling with the knowledge that there was a mine planted under their vessel which might blow up at any moment.

In this manner they sped along till the coast of Spain was sighted, and then turned to the eastward along the main.

Our friends upon the Turtle did nothing but keep watching the reflection of the camera-obscure upon the lever table, and thus kept themselves posted upon their location, and all that went on aboard of the schooner and on the surrounding sea.

Nothing of any importance occurred during the three ensuing days until at last Jack discovered that they were approaching a harbor.

Every one crowded around the camera board and watched the scene depicted upon it curiously, and then Snap Barrett suddenly exclaimed:

"I know where we are now. That's Barcelona we are approaching."

"Why—our very port of destination!" said Jack. "Emily can now go ashore and replenish her wardrobe and we can sell our treasure here."

They soon saw a city beautifully situated between the mouths of the rivers Llobregat and Besos, in a district as luxuriant as a garden.

It was walled, and had a citadel commanded by a fortress of Montjony on the southwest and had a commodious harbor into which the Black Hawk ran through an entrance obstructive to large vessels.

A custom house boat ran alongside of the pirate, and she came to anchor in the midst of four other vessels looking just like her.

These ships were the rest of the pirates' fleet!

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

By means of the camera Jack saw the names of the other ships, and realized that the Black Hawk had actually led them to the rendezvous of the rest of the piratical fleet.

The gang they had brought from Cabrera Island must yet be on board of them, as they looked as if they, too, had only just come to port, arriving only a short time ahead of the schooner.

"We must put them in the hands of the law," said Jack.

"How vhas you goin' to vork id?" queried Fritz.

"Go ashore at once and by the use of my Letter of Marque I will be a representative of the United States government. They are bound to respect me, as I will get the aid of the American consul to enforce my wishes."

"Ay, now, that's the talk!" said Tim.

"Moreover," said Jack, "were we to bring our share of the pirates' treasure ashore and try to sell it we would be suspected of having come by it dishonestly, no doubt, on account of the vast quantity. But the Letter of Marque will overcome that difficulty, too."

"Den ve cast off from dot Plack Hawk alretty?"

"At once. We have no time to lose, boy."

Tim went out in a diving suit and unfastened the cup suckers, and after his return to the interior of the boat Jack sent her to the shore.

He kept her submerged in order to prevent the pirates seeing it, and only raised it at the dock long enough to get ashore with Emily, when Tim sunk it again.

Leaving Emily well stocked with money in the principal dry goods store, Jack made his way to the American consulate, and meeting the U. S. representative, he introduced himself.

Then exhibiting his Letter of Marque, he explained his history and told what his mission was at Barcelona, to all of which the consul listened attentively.

When the boy had finished his recital the consul asked him:

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I want the crews of the piratical ships arrested, their cargoes confiscated, and their ships seized, to prevent any more of their nefarious work."

"Are you willing to convict them, Jack Wright?"

"Decidedly, sir. Being empowered as a privateer, I have the privilege of blowing them out of the water, which I could very easily do," said Jack; "but I don't want to sacrifice their lives by such wholesale butchery. Besides, the rascals are here under the Spanish flag in Spanish waters, and therefore entitled to the protection of the Spanish Government."

"Not if you can prove they are pirates."

"I can; but any hasty act on my part would cause international trouble," said Jack, "and that is why I hesitate to take the law into my own hands upon the grounds of a foreign nation."

"Perhaps your course is the wisest. Wait. I'll see what I can do."

He rang the bell and an attendant responded.

The consul inscribed a note, and handed it to the boy, saying:

"Bring that to the Secretary of the Spanish Navy."

Away sped the boy, and in ten minutes he returned with a note.

The consul read it, looked satisfied, and said quietly:

"He will dispatch a man-of-war into the harbor to apprehend the pirates."

"Then I will return to my boat, and to-morrow I will land the treasure at the Customs House, pass it through and sell it," replied Jack.

He shook hands with the consul and departed.

Meeting Emily where he left her, laden with bundles and boxes, he returned with her to the Turtle, and they went on board.

Reporting to his friends what had transpired, Jack moved his boat out into the bay, in the midst of his enemies' fleet.

Raising the camera, he saw a huge frigate come towards them presently.

The pirates sighted it, too, and evidently became alarmed.

Indeed, a spy, who had heard of the intended attack of the frigate upon them, came rowing out at full speed and warned them of their danger.

Instantly preparations for flight were begun, the greatest activity occurring on board of the pirate ships.

Jack and his friends within the Turtle watched the reflection of all these preparations upon the board.

"They are preparing to escape!" said the boy.

"Don'd yer led 'em! Don'd yer led 'em!" raved Fritz excitedly.

Jack started the propeller legs, and locating Leo Reynard's schooner, he aimed the Turtle for it, and soon came up to the stern.

Under his direction the jaws of the Turtle opened, and the sharp beak fastening onto the rudder of the schooner, just as the crew were in the act of slipping the anchor, Jack turned a lever, the rudder was wrenched off, and the submarine boat recoiled.

Rendered helpless for navigation now, all the schooner could do was to await the arrival of the frigate.

Having rendered Reynard's boat helpless, Jack saw that one of the other boats had got under steam and was escaping.

After it darted the Turtle like a streak, and ere it had gone one hundred yards there came a grinding and splitting sound aft, and both the rudder, propeller and part of the keel were torn off at one tremendous jerk!

Jack then drove his boat back to the three other boats.

Their crews had seen what befell the two other boats and in their excess of alarm at sharing their companions' fate, they began to bombard the surrounding water with cannon shots in the hope of striking their terrible, unseen foe.

Upon seeing the danger that threatened him, Jack kept his boat off at a safe distance, and raising the bow he got aim at one of the ships and fired a silent shot.

It sped true to its mark, and striking the pirate, the cylinder burst and blew the vessel all to pieces.

Jack then drove the boat toward the other two vessels, and fastening upon the keel one of his cup suckers, he darted the boat at the other and seized it by the Turtle's beak.

Neither one of them could escape, and starting the Turtle toward the approaching frigate, he dragged the two vessels along with him.

The crews of the disabled vessels took to their boats, upon seeing which the frigate began to bombard them with her guns, and the fearful row aroused all the inhabitants of the city, who came thronging to the water's edge to see what the cause of the disturbance was.

The bombardment became so hot and brisk that the pirates finally threw down their arms, with which some of them had been returning the frigate's fire, and surrendered unconditionally.

Thereupon the gunboat ceased hostilities, and Jack bunched all the pirates' ships by dragging them together with the Turtle, and left them at the mercy of the frigate.

Many of the rascals escaped in their quarter-boats, and were never seen again, among them Captain Leo Reynard.

The pirates were apprehended and sent to prison, and the crew of the gunboat reaped a rich harvest when they secured the freight of booty from the ships.

This fact alone pleased the Spanish Government so much that Jack was endowed with special favors, and was flattered, banqueted, and treated with the utmost consideration.

Each one of them had two million apiece, and felt more than compensated for all the trouble and hardships they had undergone.

As everything was accomplished which Jack had set out to do, he proposed that they start for home as soon as possible, and the rest heartily indorsed this proposition.

But before they started Snap Barrett married Emily Randolph, with whom the little man had fallen in love, and as they preferred to return in the Turtle, they all went together.

The wonderful submarine boat was then started on its homeward bound trip, and they crossed the Atlantic without adventure in just half the time it takes our swiftest ocean steamers.

Snap and his bride resolving to settle at Wrightstown, they accompanied Jack and his friends there, after all hands had deposited their money in banks in New York.

The ovation they got when they landed was enthusiastic in the extreme, but they finally escaped and returned to Jack's workshop with the Turtle, in which it was stored.

Next week's issue will contain "FLYER DAVE, THE BOY JOCKEY; OR, RIDING THE WINNER."

Jack sold the treasure for 5 million dollars, which he divided into 4 equal parts.

HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

THE LIBERTY LOAN.

"There is not a single selfish element in the cause we are fighting for * * *. The supreme test of the Nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together."—WOODROW WILSON, President of the United States.

They also serve their country—
Who buy a Liberty Loan Bond.

THE TERMS OF THE LIBERTY LOAN.

The act authorizing the Liberty Loan Bonds of 1917 was passed April 24, 1917. It provides for the issuance of 5,000,000,000 of 3½ per cent. bonds, the interest payable semiannually on December 15 and June 15 of each year. The principal is repayable on or after the 15th day of June, 1932, at the option of the government, and if this option is not exercised the bonds will run full 30 years and become due June 15, 1947.

The bonds are exempt both as to principal and interest from all taxation, national, State, county, or municipal, except the inheritance tax, which is really not a tax on the property, but on the transfer of property by will or inheritance.

The bonds are to be sold at par; that is, dollar for dollar, no premium and no discount. They are to be sold by the Treasurer of the United States and by all Federal Reserve banks. But all banks, National and State, post-office, and express companies have been designated as agents of the government to receive applications for these bonds. It is almost as easy to purchase one of these bonds as it is to get a post-office money order.

It is not necessary to pay cash in full for a bond. One can pay down 2 per cent. of the purchase price on application—that is, \$1 for a \$50 bond, \$2 for a \$100 bond, etc.—13 per cent. on July 25, 1917; 20 per cent. July 30, 1917; 30 per cent. August 15, 1917; and the balance, 30 per cent. August 30, 1917.

WHAT A GOVERNMENT BOND IS.

The government of the United States has two methods of raising money. One is by taxation. The other is by the sale of bonds, which is a method of borrowing money.

The government bond is the printed promise of the government to pay back the borrowed sum of money at a certain time, and to pay interest on it at regular intervals until it is repaid.

The government borrows money in this way only after it has been given the right to do so by act of Congress approved by the President, and the terms of the loan are set out in the act.

Back of the promise of the government stands the

honor of the government and all its taxing resources. Really the whole wealth of the Nation stands behind this solemn promise of the government to pay.

This makes a United States government bond the safest investment in the world. If the bond of the United States government is not safe, no property in the United States is safe. If the United States can not pay its bonds, it is hardly probable that it will be able to protect the citizens in their other rights.

The Liberty Loan Bonds of 1917 are especially attractive investments. Not only have they this absolute safety characteristic of all United States bonds but they are tax free not only from all existing taxes but from any war tax that may subsequently be levied. No State, city, nor county may tax them. The inheritance tax of the United States and of some States may affect them, or, rather, affect their transfer after death of the owner by will or by inheritance.

Another advantage these Liberty Loan Bonds possess is that if the government issues bonds later on during this war at a higher rate of interest the holders of Liberty Loan Bonds will be allowed to exchange at par their bonds for bonds bearing the higher rate of interest.

THE FRENCH BOND BUYERS.

The French people are the greatest investors in government bonds in the world. At the close of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 Germany demanded and collected from France \$1,000,000,000 indemnity. The French people, who were as loyal then in responding to their country's need as their soldiers are to-day, hastened to loan this tremendous sum to their country.

Their patriotism turned a great misfortune into a great benefit. Their thrift in thus saving their money and investing it in government bonds not only brought great prosperity to France but the bonds rose in value all over the world and made the French national credit good wherever civilization existed. Ten years after the bonds were issued they commanded a premium of 25 per cent.

What the American Nation is called upon to do in lending the American government \$5,000,000,000 and taking its bonds therefor is little compared with the loan of \$1,000,000,000 to France after the Franco-Prussian War by the French people. Called upon to do much less than their present allies, the French, the American people will demonstrate that they are second to no people in the world in patriotic support of their government.

(WATCH THIS PAGE NEXT WEEK)

OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

BY J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER III (Continued).

"I haven't any, ma'am. There's only just me. Mother Judy wasn't anything to me, and I got tired of staying there, anyhow. She used to steal my money and get drunk, and yesterday, she took every cent I had, cleaned me right out, and now she's been sent up, and I ain't sorry, but I've got to hustle, all the same."

"You come with me," said the young man. "We want a witness, as I told you. I've got a job in New York myself, but they take boys there, and I'll put in a word for you. Yes, I'll do more'n that, I'll get you a job."

"That's all right," said Phil. "Where are you working and what at?"

"In a bank over on West Broadway. We'll go there after we get married. Come on, let's go over to the City Hall now."

"Ah, say. I don't look fit," protested Phil. "My derby is broken, my trousers are torn, and just look at my shoes! Say, I'm a nice looking guy to go to a wedding, ain't I?"

"We could buy him a suit of clothes cheap, Jim," said the young woman. "He will have to have one, anyhow, if he goes into the bank. Haven't you got any more clothes, boy?"

"No, ma'am, these are my Sunday ones and my everyday ones and all. Whenever I get a new layout the old woman would sell it or pawn it."

"It's a perfect shame! I guess we can buy him a suit, Jim. You know I would have lost all my money, if it hadn't been for him."

"Yes, that's so, and of course he can't take a place with only those old clothes. They wouldn't have him. Come on, boy. What's your name?"

"Phil Hunt."

"Mine is James Matthews and this is Miss Manners, pretty soon to be Mrs. Jim Matthews."

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said Phil, tipping his battered hat.

The party went at once to a readymade clothing establishment, and Phil was fitted from head to foot, inside and out, looking very much different than he had when he had entered the shop.

"There!" said Lucy, when she saw him. "Now I guess you can witness anyone's marriage. They won't turn you out now, I'll wager."

"I guess they won't," said Jim. "Say, Phil, I'm glad you're older. You look fine enough to cut me out, if you were."

"Ah, go on, I've got a girl of my own," said Phil.

They all went to the mayor's office, and Jim and Lucy were married by him, Phil getting a kiss from the bride after his honor had claimed that privilege, much to Jim's amusement.

"Here, young fellow, you ain't the mayor," he laughed.

"No, but you don't know what might happen," chuckled Phil. "I've got an idea in the last half hour that a poor boy's chances in a big city like this mayn't be as slim as I thought they were."

"Yours will be all right, if I have anything to say," said Jim. "Come on. I believe in striking while the iron is hot. We'll go over to the bank now."

They left the mayor's office, crossed the park, turned up Broadway, and were about to cross at Chambers street when Phil uttered a startled cry and sprang forward.

There happened to be no policeman to regulate traffic on duty at that moment.

An old gentleman, dodging a heavy truck, stepped back to let a southbound cable car go by and at that moment was directly in the way of one going north and coming on at full speed.

CHAPTER IV.

PHIL'S CHANCES IMPROVE.

Quick as a flash Phil sprang upon the track, seized the old gentleman by the shoulders, whisked him around and got him on the open roadway.

The car went by with a rush, the motorman clanging his bell, but doing nothing to check his speed, and Phil and the man he had rescued fell down with a good deal of force.

"How dare you?" sputtered the old gentleman. "How dare you whirl me around like that as if I were a top? What do you mean by it, you young dog?"

"Well, I guess you'd rather be spun around than be run over, wouldn't you?" returned Phil.

"And what do you mean by setting me down in the middle of the street like this, you young rascal? Have you no respect for my age or dignity? What do you mean by it, I say?"

"Well, I didn't expect to fall down so sudden," said Phil. "Maybe the car helped us a bit. You aren't hurt, are you? Here, let me give you a lift."

Jim Matthews and others had come up, the cable car had stopped at last and there was considerable excitement.

"Give me a lift?" said the old gentleman, with a snort. "No, indeed. Do you think I am a cripple? I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. Don't you touch me, you little villain."

Phil helped him to his feet still sputtering, and then a policeman came up and growled:

"If you'll make a charge against him, sir, I'll arrest him."

"Against whom?" retorted the other, irascibly. "Do you mean the boy?"

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

GOLD BURIED IN SAND.

Fourteen hundred dollars in gold, which was stolen from John Gianini, a truck farmer near Daly City, was recovered by Sheriff Michael Sheehan the other afternoon at Brighton Beach, where the money was buried in the sand near the ocean.

District Attorney Franklin Swart and Sheriff Sheehan were told of the cache that morning by Ettore Righetti, a former employee of Gianini, arrested several days ago.

Cornelius Schesonishini, another former employee of Gianini, is also in the County Jail. The total amount taken was \$1,500 and Righetti had \$100 in gold when taken into custody.

MUNITIONS TO RUSSIA.

All available American ships, the seized German liners and all the ships Great Britain can spare from her own needs, probably will soon be carrying war munitions and great quantities of railroad supplies to Russia.

As part of the united effort to hold fast the Russian Provisional Government against German influences, and encourage a Russian military offensive, the Allied war committees are making preparations to furnish the necessary transportation for supplies to properly equip and maintain the Russian armies. The first problem will be to transport some 190,000 tons of supplies already piled up in the United States and the second will be to keep a stream of supplies moving.

In addition to supplying war munitions, the important railway leading from Archangel is to be equipped with American locomotives and freight cars to bring it to its fullest degree of efficiency in moving the great quantities of material which will pour in during the five months the port is free from ice.

The Russian Embassy here was arranged for the railroad equipment and the war committees are arranging for the transportation. Official announcement probably will be made later.

EASY MONEY IN SHOES.

Two men were walking up Broadway, New York. As they passed a shoe shop one remarked that white boots were getting so high-priced he could not understand how working girls could afford to wear them. The other answered that working girls didn't wear them, and offered to bet that if they went into the next restaurant they passed and looked at all the shoes worn by the girl that waited on customers there would not be more than one pair of white shoes in the lot, the loser to pay for the two glasses of milk they drank during their observations.

He won that bet and offered to give his friend a

the same class. He won that bet also. Then he offered to give odds, but after the third glass of milk he felt unable to hold any more and proposed to bet all he had won, double or quits, that there would be just one pair of white shoes among all the waitresses in the next restaurant, round in Park Row, no more, no less. After winning that bet he disappeared down the subway steps.

Feeling that he had been done in some way or other, the loser went back into the restaurant, called the waitress with the solitary pair of white boots to his table and unfolded his tale of woe, at which she smiled broadly, at the same time calling another girl to take his order.

"Only the floor managers are allowed to wear white shoes," she explained. "If any of the other girls came to work in white shoes they would have to take them off or get them blackened, or go home. I guess your friends had noticed that and was betting on a sure thing."

ILLICIT LIQUOR FOUND BY POLICE.

Nine drums of plaster-of-paris, each containing a ten-gallon keg of whisky, shipped into Seattle last September addressed to the Dunn Paint Company, were seized at Pier B by the dry squad recently. The whisky was left at the dock in the hope that it would be called for, and has been watched by dock hands and members of the dry squad ever since it arrived. It will be destroyed in the near future.

H. M. Diaz, proprietor of the Green Lake drug store, at 7208 Woodlawn avenue, was arrested when he sold a quart of whisky to J. O. Dubry, a farmer, 57 years old, for \$2 in marked \$1 bills. The money was furnished Dubry by dry squad men when in a boast, it is said, he declared he could buy all the liquor he or anybody else wanted. The money was given him and a few minutes later he returned with the bottle of liquor. A warrant was then served on Diaz and the two bills recovered from his cash register. Diaz obtained his release immediately at the police station by putting up \$500 bail. Dubry did not have \$100 bail and was held.

Walter P. Reeves was taken into custody when, according to the police, he was found in a cafe at Sixth avenue south and King street, passing out a concoction of Scotch whisky and a "stretcher" of alcohol. He denied that he had sold liquor, saying he used the alcohol found in his possession for mechanical purposes and the whisky was some he had obtained on a permit. In police court Judge Gordon reminded Reeves that it was a violation of the dry law to have in one's possession or to give away a drink of intoxicating liquor. Reeves was fined \$50. Not having it, he was committed to the city jail for sixteen days.

TIMELY TOPICS

RACE TRACK GARDENS.

Two historic horse racing tracks near Elizabeth, N. J., have been ploughed up and planted as emergency food gardens. The Standard Oil Company has turned under the turf of the famous course at Linden, where many a notable race was run. The paddock has been cut into small plots, each Standard Oil employee receiving one to cultivate.

The second track to go is the half-mile course of the Dwyer Brothers, upon a part of which now stands the Elizabeth Alms House. The turf has been ploughed up at the order of the Food Commission recently appointed to promote intensive farming at Elizabeth.

SPRING LIKE A GEYSER.

Upon his return from an inspection trip in Wyoming, A. C. McCain, Assistant District Forester, reported that he had discovered a strange geyserlike spring of clear and cold water about seven miles from Afton, Wyo.

The spring flows with great volume for twenty minutes and then ceases for the same length of time.

This spring furnishes about half the volume of Swift Creek, and played a great part in the failure of the sawmill enterprise several years ago, according to Mr. McCain.

A settler established a mill on Swift Creek. When he turned the water into the millrace his troubles began. For twenty minutes the volume was sufficient to turn the wheels, and then for the next twenty minutes everybody was idle.

7,000,000 KILLED IN WAR.

The number of men killed in the war thus far was estimated at 7,000,000 by Arthur Henderson, member of the War Council, in an address at Richmond, England. He estimated the total casualties of the war to be in excess of the population of the United Kingdom. (The population of the United Kingdom, according to the census of 1911, was 45,370,530.)

Mr. Henderson said that after nearly three years of military effort which was unprecedented there was no immediate prospect of cessation of hostilities. The severe character of the war and its prolongation tempted some persons to ask why peace should not be attempted by other means. He would tell them, he said, it was because the challenge thrown down by Germany in 1914 still held good. The lust of world-domination which dictated the policy of aggressive military action on the part of Germany continued to be supported by the German emperor and his Prussian advisers. Until the great act of liberation had been fully achieved the Allies could not alter.

INDIA'S WAR FLOWER.

The munitions output of India has in two years been increased a thousandfold, mainly through the discovery that one of India's commonest blossoms, the flower of the mahua or mhowra tree, contains acetone in quantity. This tree is well-known to all travelers in Britain's Asiatic empire, but its use as a base for explosives is at least one thing new under the sun.

When the war broke out, acetone, which forms the chief ingredient of cordite, was extracted mainly from wood, maize, and starch; and the British Admiralty erected a great factory for the process of acetone recovery from starch. But fortunately two English scientists in Hyderabad discovered that the mahua flowers contained acetone in large proportions than it is found in any other vegetable substance—that this inoffensive bloom was ten times richer in the material in question than any known wood. In fact, the Director-General of Ordnance for India reports that the mahua is by all odds the best source for acetone known.

Manufacture on a large scale is now under way, and it is whispered that the abundance of munitions with which the British forces in Mesopotamia appear to be blessed is to be attributed to the new discovery.

NOMINATION OF MIDSHIPMEN TO THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.

The Navy Department authorizes the following:

The first nominations are coming in for the increase of 531 midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy. Congress passed an act on April 25 providing an additional appointment for each Senator, Representative, and Delegate, and the candidates will soon be designated for the examinations, which are to be held at civil service examination points throughout the country on June 27.

After the mental examinations are completed, the papers will be sent to the academy to be marked and graded, and those who have passed will be given the physical examination at Annapolis.

There are now in the academy 940 midshipmen. The 183 in the class graduated on March 29 would, in the ordinary course, be commissioned as ensigns July 1. They are now in the service and a bill has passed the House and has been favorably reported to the Senate to commission them as ensigns at once. Another class of 202 will be graduated early in September.

To accommodate the large increase in the number of midshipmen at the academy, temporary quarters are being built. About 1,250 can be accommodated in the present building and with the addition of the new quarters there will be no provision for between 1,500 and 1,600.

HUSTLING JOE BROWN

OR—

THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN ALIVE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VII (Continued).

"We must look upstairs," said the colonel. "The fact that we hear nothing of Mrs. Bissland makes me fear the worst. Come, Joe."

Lamp in hand, he hurried up the stairs.

"It is so!" he cried, even before he reached the landing. "They have shot her! She is dead! Meddling old hag! Thus ends one cause of my many troubles. It's lucky I have you as a witness, Joe Brown. Next thing this murder will be put up to me!"

But was it a murder, after all?"

While Col. Redding stood thus exclaiming and looking like a man half dazed, Joe hustled—that was something he could not help.

"Are you sure she has been murdered, sir?" he exclaimed. "I see no blood. She may not even be dead. We ought to do something. You can't tell."

What Joe saw was an elderly woman, partly dressed, lying stretched upon the floor at the head of the stairs.

Her face was deathly white, and her hands were clenched.

She lay flat on her back like a person who had reeled and fallen.

Joe knelt beside her and listened at her heart.

There was no sign of breathing, nor could he detect any heart-beat or pulse.

"Let me try," said the colonel.

"Dead beyond all doubt," he declared, after making a careful examination; "but it is as you say, Joe. Mrs. Bissland has not been shot. There is not a doubt in my mind that she dropped dead of fright. Her heart was always weak."

"We ought to have a doctor," said Joe.

"It is useless. See, she is already growing cold. The woman is stone dead without a trace of violence. The case is plain."

He went in a room where a light was burning.

From what they saw it was evident that the woman had retired, and had been aroused by the ringing of the bell.

The colonel had now become very silent.

He acted like a man who was trying to pull himself together and think.

"Come downstairs, Joe. I want to talk to you," he said at last.

Joe followed him down to an elegantly-furnished library.

Here the colonel opened a locker and, taking out a bottle, drank more whisky. Then he dropped into a chair and, lighting a cigar, began to talk.

"Joe," he said, "I think I can trust you, although our acquaintance has been but a short one. I am in trouble; the details I cannot tell you yet, but later I shall certainly do so, if the thing is possible. This much, however, I will say, if something is not done, and I am the only one who can do it, the Wapamsett Rifle Works will be surely closed forever, and you don't have to be told what that will do for this town."

"It will kill it," replied Joe. "That's what it will do. It will kill the town dead."

"It surely will. Now then, will you help me to keep Reddington alive?"

"What can I do? What do you want me to do?"

"It is like this. I shall have to go in hiding, Joe; I am in danger of my life; I can't explain, but this much I will tell you: the rifle trust has me in a net. They mean to shut down my factory; unfortunately, by a foolish mistake, I have placed myself in their power. They will squeeze me to the limit, and my wife, with whom I am on the outs, is hand and glove with P. H. Dodger, my worst enemy and the president of the trust. Do you begin to understand?"

"Yes, sir. In a way. But what am I to do?"

"Act as my messenger—nothing more at present."

"I certainly am willing to do that."

"And you will keep my secret? You will never breathe a word of what has happened to-night until I give you permission?"

"That you can count upon."

"And the other boy—I forgot his name."

"I will do my best to make him keep his mouth shut."

"Very well. Do this and all I ask you, and the reward coming your way will be a handsome one in case I win in this fight. Now another thing. When I struck this town to-night I had concealed upon my person certain papers which are now missing. Joe, they tried to kill me for those papers, and the rifle trust is at the bottom of it. That they did not get them seems certain from the fact that they tried to break into this house. Those men are no ordinary burglars. They were hired to steal the papers. Those papers were on me to-night, as I said. Now they are gone. Where did they go? Somebody got them. They could not have dropped out of my pocket. Suggest something, Joe?"

"You remember nothing for some time back?"

"That is it. What time did you find me?"

"About half-past nine."

"Joe, I remember nothing since noon, when I was with two men on the train headed for Reddington."

"Were you dressed as you are now?"

"Yes."

"You were coming to Reddington in disguise?"

"Yes."

"And they got you drunk?"

"I did the drinking. I believe now I was drugged."

(To be continued.)

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

THE REASON FLOWERS SMELL.

The perfume or smell of the flower comes from within the plant itself. The perfume arises from an oil which the plant makes, and just as there are many kinds of flowers, so almost every flower has a different smell. Of course, flowers belonging to the same family or species are likely to develop different smells, according to the Book of Wonders. The oils produced are what are known as the volatile oils, which means "flying oils," because, if extracted from the flower and placed in a bottle and the cork left out, they will vanish into the air. Without this quality we could not, of course, smell them at all.

DOG ADOPTS COYOTES.

Four coyote pups have been adopted by a mother dog on the ranch of Arthur Pefley, north of Santa Ana, Cal.

The coyotes were found in the foothills back of El Modena by Virgil Pritchard, a high-school boy, whose dogs fought off the mother coyote while Virgil got away with the little coyotes. Clarence Pefley had a dog with two puppies.

The four strangers were put on the ground near the mother and the puppies, who were busily engaged in partaking of a meal. Rather bewildered, the coyotes crept to the mother dog. The dog eyed the coyotes, then, when they approached, she began licking them, and soon the coyotes were just as busily engaged in eating as were their cousins.

THE FOOD WE BUY AND FAIL TO EAT.

Managers of the large hotels testify that one-fifth of the food they buy is wasted by the public. This in itself is a leak of no inconsiderable proportions, but there are other items in food waste which are even more serious. Domestic science experts testify that approximately twenty per cent. of the money the average family expends for food is wasted through improper selection and marketing and poor cooking. In other words, the American people waste more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of food each year. Waste and illegitimate profits in growing and marketing produce and other foods amounts in addition to more than \$1,000,000,000 annually, according to officers of the National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits at their last meeting.

FLAG 245 FEET HIGH.

Uncle Sam's marines, guarding the Englewood Radio Station, have placed what they believe to be the highest flag in the State. The emblem was raised upon a flagpole erected on the top of the first tower to be completed for the station. The tower is 225 feet high, and the pole for the flag reaches an-

other twenty feet into the air, making Old Glory float to the breeze at an altitude of 245 feet.

The wire fences surrounding the buildings were recently charged, and several dogs which were scouting about the place were electrocuted.

The guards have recently taken extra caution in guarding the station. Automobile searchlights have been turned on the premises at night and drivers have been ordered away. A warning was issued against loitering.

COFFEE-POT STILL.

We learn from the Register that Danville, Va., is working an ingenious device to defeat prohibition and supply the people with distilled liquors. Our contemporary reports the revenue men as stating that the government has information that small stills for family use are being freely used in that dry town. The stills are described as being so small that they can be operated on the kitchen range, or over an oil stove in the basement, so as to bring them within reach of every dry family. "There is no intimation," adds our contemporary, "that the little stills are being made here, but that liquor is being manufactured on a small scale and by numerous persons is the candid belief of the men who for a month have been conducting a quiet investigation."

The coffee-pot still is an interesting innovation, and if it is not run out of business, we expect to see the number of "coffee" drinkers in Virginia greatly increased. We see no remedy for it but to place coffee and coffee-pots on the prohibition list.

AMERICAN SOLVING U BOAT PROBLEM?

The Westminster Gazette publishes a message from a correspondent who says the submarine menace is being mastered by a simple method, which the writer indicates is the invention of an American.

"It is giving away no secret," the correspondent adds, "to say the method, which is reputed to be infallible, requires only a little time to come into full effect and wear the German submarines out. It is a model of simplicity. The press has been liberal in its announcement of Marconi's device, but while extending encouragement to Marconi it must not be overlooked that the genius who perfected one of the most monumental advances in maritime navigation has devoted his unremitting consideration to the menace, and this resourceful American too has worked toward the device along independent lines."

Asserting that the British have better submarines than the Germans, the message continues:

"Only a little time is needed for our pre-eminent inventive brains to outstrip the pirate professors, and by a method which is simplicity itself already we have the life of the U boat campaign measured."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

THE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO.

The Mountain Laboratory of the University of Colorado will have its ninth annual session of six weeks from June 25th to August 4, 1917. The laboratory is situated at Tolland, Colorado, in the Rocky Mountains, 8,889 feet above sea-level. The courses given cover the subjects of field zoology, field botany, ecology, and the relations of fauna and flora to climate. No elementary instruction is given.

ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a gigantic figure of brass, erected at the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes, as a thank offering to Helios for the defeat of Demetrius, son of the King of Macedon, who had attacked the island city with a vast fleet. When Demetrius sailed away he left behind him a mass of wrecked engines of warfare. Their metal was sold for thirty talents, and the money was devoted to the statue.

The sculptor was Chares, a pupil of Lysippus. He made it in sections, casting each of brass and fitting them together. It was about 105 feet high above its pedestal. The Statue of Liberty is 151 feet high. Like the latter, it had a stairway to the top.

In 224 B. C. an earthquake threw down the statue. It lay in fragments until 672 A. D., when the Arab conquerors of Rhodes sold it to a Jew of Homs for old metal.

FELLING A HUGE TOWER.

When it became necessary some time ago to remove a 110-foot water tower at Hampton, Iowa, which for a quarter of a century had served as a reservoir for the municipality's water supply, the task was accomplished in a manner closely similar to the felling of a giant tree, says *Popular Mechanics*. The big steel tank stood in the central part of the city before a public building and immediately adjacent to a street. A safety zone was established, traffic suspended, and the work accomplished very quickly. A cable was attached to the upper part of the structure and one side of the foundation removed. A heavy, steady pull on the steel rope did the work. The tank tilted in the direction of the cable was stretched, wavered for a fraction of a second, then crashed with a resounding roar into the street, almost exactly in the position that was witnessed by a large crowd of onlookers that jammed the near-by streets.

INVENTS A TEN-CENT GAS.

Three automobile schools in New York are interested and puzzled over a new motor fuel called "Nuoline" put forth as a substitute for gasoline at

ten cents a gallon. Tests of the liquid, which is a milky white, have been held before the heads of the West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, the Atkinson Automobile School, and the Strohbridge Automobile School, and each said that it had driven a car apparently fully as well as gasoline.

H. C. Brokaw, principal of the West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, said: "The new fuel did its work well, but before I put any money in it I want to see it tested out thoroughly in a laboratory such as that of the Automobile Club of America. Louis Clemont, the inventor, a Danish chemist, says the ingredients are cheap, and that two-thirds of the liquid is water. He says he can get the ingredients in any drug store. The formula is a secret and will remain one, but some of the constituents are naphthaline, camphor and an extract from hard coal.

RICE FEEDS MILLIONS.

If the importance of rice as a food product is to be measured by the number of persons who make use of it, it must be regarded as the most important of all food products—as a matter of fact, this cereal is the principal food of about one-half of the whole population of the earth. Where dense populations are dependent for food upon an annual crop and the climate permits its cultivation, rice has been selected as the staple food. Among the countries are China, with a population of 400,000,000; British India, 300,000,000, and Japan, 50,000,000. The Chinese were among the earliest people to cultivate rice, and so great a value was attached to it that from immemorial times in the annual ceremonial sowing of important plants the rice had to be sown by the emperor himself, while the four other plants of the ceremony might be sown by the princes of the family.

Rice is an annual plant, belonging to the natural family of the grasses, just as do wheat, barley, oats, Indian corn and the other cereals. As is the case with most plants which have been cultivated for long periods and on an extensive scale, there are many varieties of rice, the descendants of the original wild stock. In the museum at Calcutta, for instance, there are no less than 1,107 different varieties of Indian rice, in addition to 1,300 kinds from other countries. In Japan and China there are also numerous varieties, so that altogether the different kinds of rice all over the world must be reckoned in large figures.

The rice plant, when growing, looks very like wheat or any other cereal, but instead of having a compact ear, it bears a head composed of a number of fine branches or stalks, each of which bears one grain, covered with a brown hull.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1917.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,
166 West 23d St., New York

Good Current News Articles

Every able-bodied citizen of West Virginia between the ages of sixteen and sixty must work at least thirty-six hours a week under a law passed recently by both houses of the Legislature. The measure includes persons having incomes and no specified employment. It is to become operative in thirty days. The penalty for violation is forced employment by counties or municipalities. The bill was urged by Governor Cornwell as a war measure.

The President has directed an expeditionary force of approximately one division of Regular troops, under command of Gen. John J. Pershing, to proceed to France at as early a date as practicable. Gen. Pershing and staff will precede the troops abroad. It is requested that no details or speculations with regard to the mobilization of this command, dates of departure, composition, or other items be carried by the press, other than the official bulletins given out by the War Department relating thereto.

Army camps along the Mexican border are experimenting with kerosene as a fuel substitute for wood in the field bakery ovens. In localities where wood is scarce, oil is much cheaper and more reliable than wood, and there is no danger from sparks. A simple burner is used. It consists of a piece of pipe extending the length of the fire box and containing a number of holes, through which the oil is forced, under pressure. A flexible copper tube brings the oil to the burner from a nearby supply tank holding about fifteen gallons. Pressure is applied to the oil by means of a hand pump, the amount being determined by a gauge.

Campers out should provide themselves with a wall tent, some camp cots, a table, camp chairs, and a sufficiency of tin cooking utensils such as frying pans, two or three light kettles, a coffee-pot and a stew pan. The plates and cups are preferable to crockery. Knives, forks and spoons, of course,

should not be forgotten. Condensed milk, salt, pepper, canned vegetables, fruits and meats are convenient to carry, and will help out when fresh provisions cannot be had. A medium-sized oil stove is a most important adjunct, and pins, needles, cotton, court-plaster, an ax, a hatchet, twine, rope and wooden pegs for the tent must be supplied. Canvas shoes with rubber soles are very appropriate foot coverings and medium-weight woolen clothing is the most suitable for wear. A sufficient number of woolen blankets will complete the outfit, and should never be dispensed with. The more things you can do without, the less you will have to carry and care for. As for location, it is best to settle in one place from which excursions can be made in various directions, rather than wander around with the camp equipage. A gentle slope near a stream is the best site, and the first thing to do after pitching the tent is to dig a small ditch all around, and leading down to the stream; otherwise the tent may be flooded by a heavy rain. If the stream abounds in fish, see that you have hooks and lines in your outfit.

Grins and Chuckles

Motherly Soul—Little boy, you shouldn't say "By George!" It's swearing. The Urchin—That's not swearin', ma'am. They ain't no "George" in the Bible.

Silas—So Zeke won't have anything but first-class literature? Cyrus—No. Why, he wouldn't even subscribe to a magazine because he saw "Entered as a second-class matter" on the front page.

Brown—I understand the German emperor says he will never consent to his son entering into a morganatic marriage. Jones—Great Scott, man! Has Morgan got a corner on royal engagements, too?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I hope you washed the fish thoroughly before you put it on the broiler, Delia. Delia—Shure, what would be the use of thot, ma'am? Hasn't it been livin' in the water all its loife?

"Pa," said little Willie, who was reading the evening paper, "what does 'Gas Trust' mean?" "Gas Trust, my son," replied the father, "means, for one thing, the absolute confidence we are compelled to have in the meter."

"It seems to me rather presumptuous for a youth in your position to ask for my daughter's hand," said the girl's father. "Can you advance any good reason why I should give my consent?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man, promptly. "What?" "I am comparatively modest and economical in the matter of my personal expenditure, and I think you will find me less costly to maintain than any other son-in-law you could pick out!"

FROM ALL POINTS

TWO INCHES OF BUTTER SPREAD ON SAND.

A new form of confidence game has been practised with success in Chicago during the last few days. Several storekeepers and hospitals have reported to the police that they have purchased from agents tubs purporting to contain 60 pounds of butter, but have found when cutting into the tubs that the butter extended but one or two inches from the surface and that the rest of their purchase was sand. The tubs were sold for as high as \$19.50, making the price of the butter in the neighborhood of \$4 a pound.

A FISH FOUNTAIN.

Following a recent earthquake shock which was felt up and down the Pacific Coast, an artesian well near Tulare, California, has intermittently spouted up small fish. A hundred or more of these creatures have been brought to the surface. They are about four inches long and have no eyes, in which respect they resemble fish found in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Biologists in the University of Southern California state that they undoubtedly come from some underground river, the course of which was altered by the earthquake so that its waters have mingled with those of the artesian well.

ENGLISH WOMEN AS ENGINE BUILDERS.

The British Ministry of Munitions is extending its plans for the employment of women in engineering work. Classes for training in setting-up and skilled operating on various types of machines are being held in London, and the Ministry appeals to women of good education and physique, between 20 to 35 years of age, to undertake the training. The course will last from eight to nine weeks. Maintenance grants will be paid during this period, and those who become fully proficient for service in aero-engine or other munition work may expect a minimum wage of ten dollars per week. Candidates must be prepared to accept employment in any factory to which they may be sent on the completion of their training, and to work during the usual factory hours.

HOW TO TAN A PELT.

First—Remove all flesh and fat from the inside of the skin.

Second—Soak the skin or fur in warm water.

Third—Mix up the following: 1 ounce borax, 1 ounce saltpeter, 1 ounce glauber's salts. Mix them all together and add water enough to make a paste, then brush this mixture on the flesh side of the hide

and fold the hide so that the coated sides are together and put it away in a cool place.

After this has been on the skin a day and a night, apply this mixture: 1 ounce sal soda, 1½ ounce borax, 2 ounces white hard soap. Melt these things together without allowing them to boil. Put on the hide as you did the first mixture and put the hide in a warm place 24 hours, folded as before.

At the end of this time a third mixture is to be applied as before: 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt, 2 ounces saleratus. Dissolve in enough water to saturate the skin and when cool enough to put the hands in without scalding, put in the skin and let it soak for twelve hours, then wring it out and hang it up to dry. This soaking and drying must be repeated two or three times until the skin is soft and pliable. After the last drying the inside of the skin can be smoothed with sandpaper and pumice stone.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF FISH.

Nothing is more interesting than the life of plants, animals and fish, especially when told by a master. Below is an account of the family life of perches, told by Louis Agassiz, the great scientist:

"I have had," he says, "every spring for the last eight years, ample opportunity to watch the pond-perch in the breeding season: At that time it approaches in pairs the shores of the ponds in which it lives, and selects shallow, gravelly places, overgrown with water lilies and other aquatic plants.

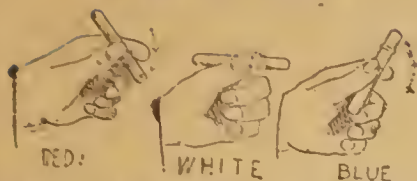
"In such spots it begins by clearing a space of about a foot in diameter, rooting out the plants, removing with violent jerks of its tail the larger pebbles, and leaving a clean spot of fine sand, in which it deposits its eggs, surrounded and overshadowed by a grove of verdure. In this inclosure one of the parents remains hovering over its brood and keeping at a distance all intruders.

The office of watching over the progeny does not devolve exclusively upon either of the sexes. The fierceness with which they dart at their enemies and the anxiety with which they look out for every approaching danger show that they are endowed with strong instincts.

"Their foresight goes so far as to avoid the bait attached to any hook, however near it may be brought to them, and however lively and tempting it may be. Though near to one another the pair of one nest does not interfere with that of another, but, like good neighbors, they live peaceably together, passing over each other's domains, when going out for food without making any disturbance.

"The development of the eggs is very rapid. In less than a week the young are hatched, and the parents soon cease to take any further care of them."

MAGIC PENCILS.



The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid. Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

STEEL DISC GUN.

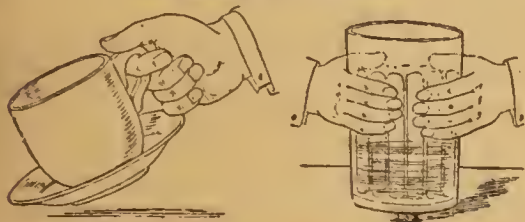


This gun has a powerful steel spring, which shoots a disc from 150 to 200 feet in the air. With each gun we send fifteen discs, containing different sayings, as

"Kiss me, kiddo, nothing makes me sick," "Mr. you look good, let's get acquainted," "Put a damper on your jaw tackle," "I lub my yailer gal, but oh, you Chocolate Drops," "Say, old man, pay me them two bits," etc. Young folks are delighted with them. Each gun packed in a box with 15 discs.

Price complete, 12 cents; 3 for 30 cents; 1 dozen, \$1; sent by parcel post, prepaid. Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RUBBER SUCKER.



Rubber Vacuum Suckers

The latest novelty out! Dishes and plates will stick to the table, cups to the saucers like glue. Put one under a glass and then try to lift it. You can't. Lots of fun. Always put it on a smooth surface and wet the rubber. Many other tricks can be accomplished with this novelty.

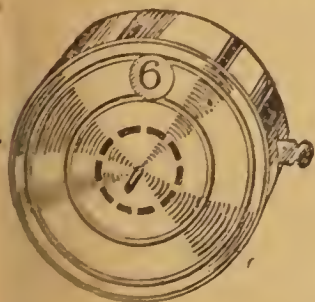
Price 12 cts. each by mail, postpaid. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

THE SPOTTER CARD TRICK.

The performer exhibits a die. The ace of spades and five cards are now taken from a pack. The ace of spades is thoroughly shuffled with the other cards, which are then placed down in a row on the table. The die is now thrown, and as if embodied with superhuman intelligence, the exact position of the Ace is indicated. Without touching the die, the performer picks up the cards, gives them a complete shuffle and again spreads them out. The die is rolled as before by any person, and is seen to come to a stop with the locating number uppermost. The card is turned over and found to correspond in position. Price 15c postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE AMUSEMENT WHEEL



This handsome wheel, 7 1/4 inches in circumference, contains concealed numbers from 0 to 100. By spinning the wheel from the centerpost the numbers revolve rapidly, but only one appears at the circular opening when wheel stops spinning. It can be made to stop

instantly by pressing the regulator at side. You can guess or bet on the number that will appear, the one getting the highest number winning. You might get 0, 5 or 100. Price, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give

a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price 10c. each, postpaid.

Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.



STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price, 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

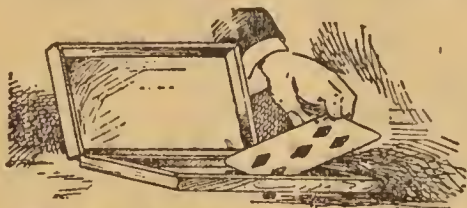
MAGIC MIRROR.



Fat and lean Tunny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sidewise and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 2 1/2 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10 cents each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



MAGIC CARD BOX.—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

GOLD PLATED COMBINATION SET.

Gold plated combination set, with turquoise stone. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO AND ITCH POWDER.

As Itch powder, Cachoo and Bombs are unobtainable, we cannot accept orders for less than One Dollar's worth of an assortment. They can be sent by express only, on which we will prepay the charges.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. Habits formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCIL.



The importance of carrying a good reliable pencil need not be dwelt upon here. It is an absolute necessity with us all.

The holder of this pencil is beautifully nickel plated with grooved box-wood handle, giving a firm grip in writing; the pencil automatically supplies the lead as needed while a box of these long leads are given with each pencil. The writing of this pencil is indelible the same as ink, and thus can be used in writing letters, addressing envelopes, etc. Bills of account or invoices made out with this pencil can be copied the same as if copying ink was used. It is the handiest pencil on the market; you do not require a knife to keep it sharp; it is ever ready, ever safe, and just the thing to carry.

Price of pencil, with box of leads complete, only 10c.; 3 for 25c.; one dozen 90c. postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

\$ 2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. CLARKE COIN Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.

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DIAMOND SQUIRT RING.



A handsome Gilt ring set with a brilliant, a close imitation of a diamond. Connected with the ring is a small rubber ball filled with water, which is concealed in the palm of your hand. As your friend is admiring the stone in your ring, a gentle pressure on the ball will throw a small stream of water into his face. The ball can be

instantly filled by immersing it in water, when you are ready for your next victim. The ball is entirely hidden in the palm of your hand, and only the ring is seen.

Price 25 cents, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

WHO DROPPED THE EGG?

The most screaming comic catch of modern times. Drop it anywhere on the table or the floor and await results.

The shell is a real egg shell, but the white and yolk of the egg is made of wax. The exact size and color of a real broken egg. No one for a moment would think it other than an ordinary hen's egg, carelessly dropped on the floor. After receiving a good scolding for your carelessness, pick it up and tell your parents not to fry or scramble it for your breakfast, as you wish to keep it for further use.

Price 10c.; 3 for 25c. mailed postpaid.

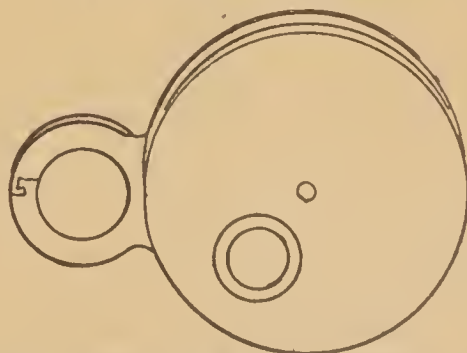
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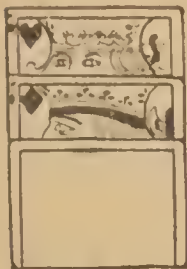
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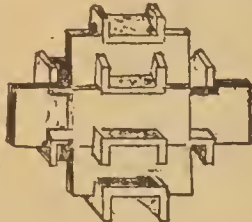
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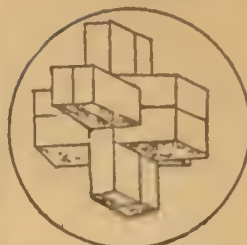
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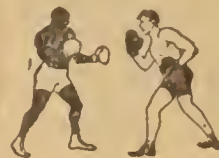
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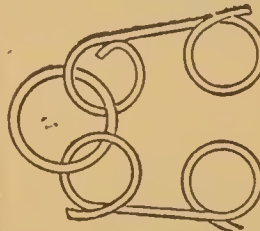
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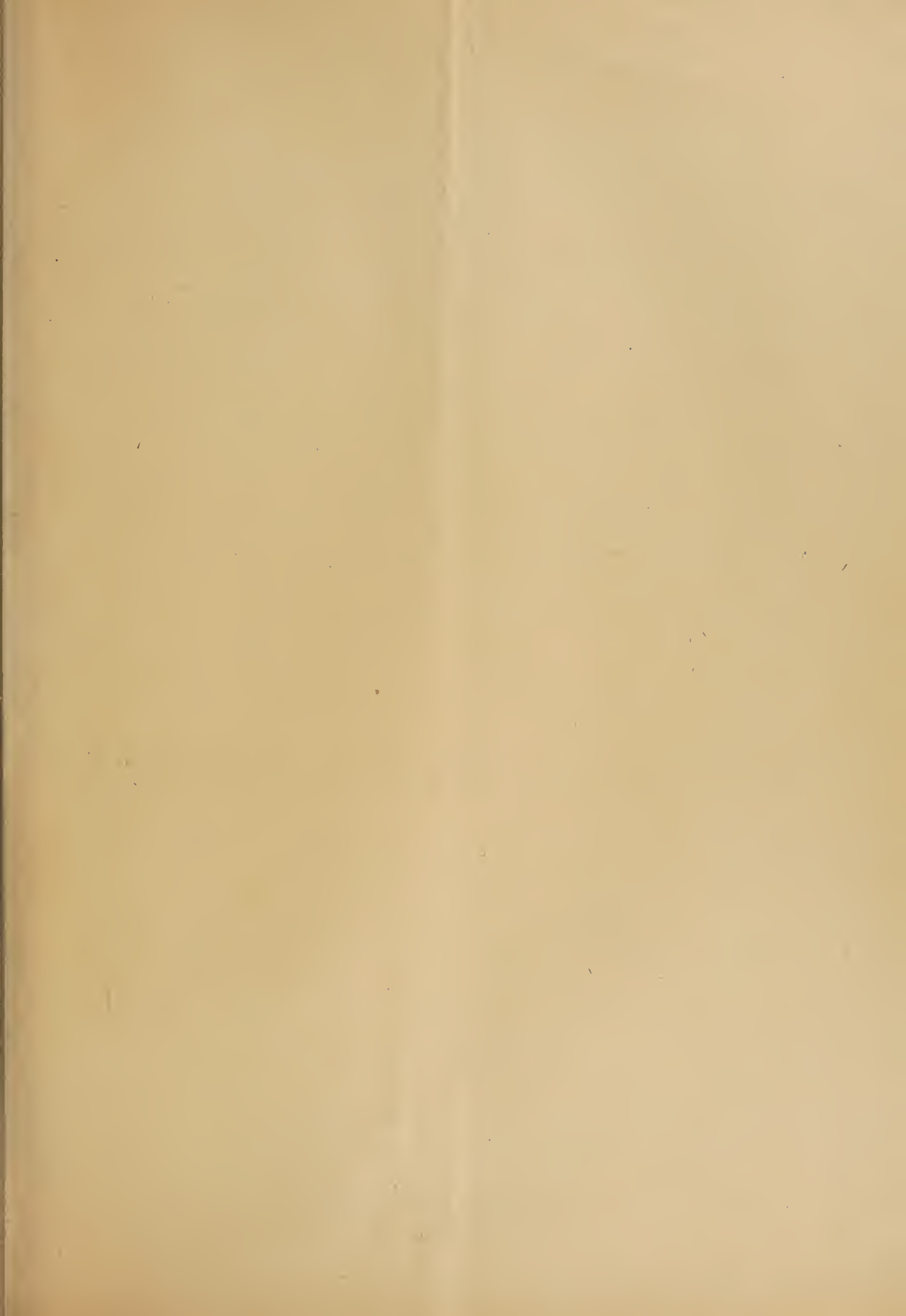
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